NRA U.S. CODE

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1934 No. 3615

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, $5.50; and to other foreign countries, $6.00.

THE NATION. Published weekly at 20 Vesey St., New York. Entered as second class matter December 13, 1887, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934, by The Nation, Inc.; Oswald Garrison Villard, Publisher.
Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. Cable Address: Nation, New York.

THE MURDER at Marseilles of King Alexander of Jugoslavia, and the almost simultaneous death of Foreign Minister Barthou of France, will undoubtedly have results beyond immediate reckoning. The dictator of Jugoslavia was a ruthless and efficient autocrat. Holding in his hands complete executive power, he exercised it without mercy. He sought to enforce patriotism and loyalty at the mouth of the machine gun; and so sectionalism and bitter opposition to Belgrade have grown in every corner of the kingdom. He was supported by the military group, but essentially his dictatorship was as rigidly personal as Hitler's; and by the same token his death may result in a profound internal shake-up. What possibilities lie ahead will be discussed by Louis Adamic in next week's issue of *The Nation*. Barthou's death will inevitably have profound effects upon the European political scene. As Foreign Minister he has been more responsible than any other man for the Franco-Soviet rapprochement which culminated last month in the admission of the Soviet Union into the League of Nations. Through his efforts relations between France and Italy have also notably improved, and it was rumored that settlement of issues long outstanding between these countries was imminent. Important as these moves were for the peace of Europe, they had tended to estrange Poland and Jugoslavia. It was in an effort to preserve friendly relations with the latter that the fateful meeting between King Alexander and Barthou had been arranged. Regarding the future one can only speculate. Much depends, for instance, on what extent Barthou personally was responsible for the vast changes associated with his name, and what extent they were the inevitable outcome of the rise of Hitlerism in Germany.

EARLY REPORTS indicate that the reactionary faction in Spain has crushed the uprising of the combined left-wing groups against the newly constituted Catholic-Conservative government headed by Alejandro Lerroux, though fighting still continues as we go to press. As had been predicted, trouble started when Lerroux, chosen Premier for the fourth time within a year, included three members of the semi-fascist Catholic Popular Action in his Cabinet. Fearful of a right-wing coup such as followed Hitler's entry into the German government, Socialist and Communist trade unions declared a general strike which in certain sections developed into an open revolt. They were joined by the Catalan leftists, who had been particularly angered by the recalcitrant attitude of Gil Robles, head of the Catholic Popular Action, regarding the Catalonian land-cultivation law. Apparently acting against the advice of Señor Azaña and other left leaders, the Catalan government proclaimed the independence of the state of Catalonia and thus precipitated a full-fledged revolutionary crisis. In the sanguinary struggle which ensued the loyalty of the troops to the Lerroux government appears to have proved the decisive factor, the left-wing groups having placed too great confidence in reports of discontent among the rank and file of the soldiers.

THE BRITISH LABOR PARTY was committed at its conference last year not to assume power without a clear majority in Parliament. The annual conference at Southport recently had to decide the means, after a majority had been won, of establishing socialism in Great Britain. The issue could no longer be one of gradualism, by which the unions, which still dominate the Labor Party, have avoided assuming the full responsibility of their Socialist faith. The fight this year was over compensation as against confiscation in the process of socialization. Compensation won the day by an overwhelming vote. But Sir Stafford was made a member of the party executive, so that the next election can be fought with a semblance of unity. The extent of compensation promised will not placate British industrialists

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and bankers. Invested capital is not to be repaid at all, and only an annuity to owners for twenty-five years is to be the general rule, with greater generosity in instances of hardship. Public ownership of primary industries is promised, and those specified for public control are banking, credit, transport, electricity, water, iron, steel, coal, gas, agriculture, textiles, shipbuilding, shipping, and engineering. Not all these will necessarily be socialized, but, says the executive, "the time has come for drastic reorganization, and for the most part nothing short of immediate public ownership will be effective." These issues are by no means academic. In the 1929 election the Labor Party came within twenty seats of a majority. Today dissatisfaction with the National Government is so widespread as to give the opposition hope of victory. But as the election may be fought for the first time on the straight issue of immediate socialism the outcome is unpredictable.

THE CONVENTION of the American Federation of Labor, at this writing, has just settled down to the important business of policy-making. Evidence already available indicates that the progressive forces in the A. F. of L. still have far to go in their attempt to dominate the organization. The report of the executive council to the delegates detailed a list of hopes unrealized during the past year. "The failure of government effort to prime the pump" means that 14 million are still unemployed; "minimum wage rates in the codes have been set so low that the purpose of the NRA has been completely nullified in a large portion of industry"; "codes have failed almost completely to protect the higher-paid groups of employees," and "the machinery . . . set up by the government is dealing effectively only with a negligible portion of all violations." Finally, "it is in regard to Section 7-a that the most cruel disillusion of the workers regarding NRA has occurred." Yet on the very day the convention was hearing these dismal words, President Green leaped at the President's proposal to turn over the fight for better wages and working conditions to government agencies. The left wing and rank-and-file groups countered with a sheaf of resolutions which proposed among other things that President Green be censured for publicly opposing the general strike in San Francisco, that no union member be ousted because of his political beliefs, and that the federation withdraw all officials from posts in the NRA. The all-important issue of industrial versus craft unions is yet to be decided. Meanwhile Mr. Green, speaking from a church pulpit, has refused to recognize the class war. In this connection it may be also worth noting that although an earthquake occurred during one session of the convention, Mr. Green, who was presiding, made no reference to it.

"RATHER THAN BE UNITED in concentration camps, let's be united now." This was only one of many intelligent and significant remarks made at the United States Congress Against War and Fascism held recently in Chicago. The congress adopted resolutions reaffirming its general aims, but this year's meeting was primarily concerned with organizational work directed toward bringing into the congress every person and party opposed to fascism and war. A few figures indicate best the size of the gathering and the progress which has been made in the achievement of a truly united front. There were 3,332 accredited delegates representing 1,607,201 people in thirty-five States and four foreign nations. There were 350 trade-union delegates, of whom 121 represented A. F. of L. ogranizations. The Socialist Party and the Young People's Socialist League had only 14 official representatives, while the Communist Party had 149 delegates present; but more than 100 members of Socialist organizations took part in the conference. Many religious bodies, including the Y. M. C. A., sent delegates, and there were 121 delegates from women's organizations. Finally, two of the speakers were soldiers, one a member of the National Guard, the other of the regular army. The will to a united front was much in evidence. Whereas last year the World Committee sent as a delegate Henri Barbusse, strongly Communist in his sympathies, this year Louis Perrigaud, a prominent Socialist, attended. And he spoke at length of the successful united front in France between the Socialists and Communists, which is having a strong influence everywhere on the relations of the two left parties.

THAT A VIRTUAL SYSTEM of espionage has been established over teachers in the New York public schools is plainly to be deduced from a letter sent lately by George J. Smith, chairman of the Board of Examiners, to George J. Ryan, president of the same board. Chairman Smith first made it clear that teachers were to be subjected to a rigid examination of their political faith before being allowed to teach in the New York schools. No believer in "subversive" doctrines, no member of an organization which sponsored such doctrines, and most particularly no teacher who attempted to "subject his pupils to political or economic propaganda" could pass the tests. At the same time Mr. Smith pointed out that an examination, however careful, could not determine the deep-seated beliefs of an applicant with the same effectiveness as could observation over a period of years. And he assured Mr. Ryan that such observation would also be forthcoming, although unfortunately the reports of principals and other superiors on the character and behavior of teachers during their three-year period of probation were not always as frank or as full as they might be. He urged more watchfulness, more frankness—a more efficient spy system in short. We should like to ask Mr. Smith what he would think of a teacher who belonged to the American Civil Liberties Union and the Socialist Party, who read *The Nation,* and who announced to his pupils that the brutal suppression by New York police of authorized groups presenting grievances against the city relief administration was in violation of traditional American rights. From the tenor of his letter one may suspect that such affiliations and behavior would be only too "subversive."

THE FILIPINO LABOR UNION, duly incorporated under the laws of California, recently voted by 762 to 52 to continue its strike against the lettuce growers of Monterey County for increased wages, recognition of the union, and better living conditions. As a result of the strike vote the members of the union have been subjected to typical vigilante attention, and moreover have been assured by the district attorney, the sheriff, the city attorney, and the chief of police jointly that their lives were in danger, that adequate protection could not be given them, and that it would be advisable for them to leave the county. On September 21 sixty-nine Filipinos, members of the union, were surprised in

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their union hall by police with a machine-gun, aroused from their beds, clubbed, and arrested for "inciting to riot." On the same night vigilantes burned to the ground the labor camp in which the leader of the union resided. Following these acts of violence the union voted to go back to work, although about 500 members have left the vicinity as a result of vigilante terrorization. The San Francisco *Chronicle* makes the obvious—but in San Francisco the unexpected—comment on the raids: "There is universal sympathy for the troubles of the farmers and none at all for the trouble-making of Communist meddlers. But at the point of lawless vigilante action, that sympathy stops. For that is an attack, not on a few Filipino wandering workers, but on the very institutions of America."

A GROUP OF JAPANESE FARMERS in Arizona, all naturalized American citizens, have been persistently molested by local residents who object to their presence on American soil. The latest episode occurred on October 3, when five bombs were exploded on the land of Japanese farmers in the Salt River Valley. Protests have been made by consular officials, and police officers are attempting to keep the peace. Since September 18 deputy sheriffs have been patrolling the district, but so far none of the bomb-throwers has been discovered. Not the least interesting aspect of the bombings was the comment, on October 8, of the New York *Herald Tribune*. The bombings, said the *Herald Tribune*, were regrettable and to be vigorously condemned, but "though we may insist that a community put its racial antipathies under civilized restraint, such antipathies are instinctive and inevitable, and are not to be conjured away either by statute or by pious precept. . . . It is impossible for the members of . . . two widely differing races to live in the same community on equal terms and to enjoy peaceful and mutually beneficial relations." This rueful acknowledgment of the deplorable nature of man which forbids him to abide in peace with his, let us say, racial second cousin, takes us straight back to the doctrine of original sin. But more surprising still than this scriptural reversion is the *Herald Tribune's* conclusion: "Our immigration laws have come to recognize more and more clearly that citizens of widely different racial origins . . . do not make a nation." To which, not being so bound by the Scriptures, we can only reply irreverently: "Oh, yeah!"

WE CONFESS to considerable elevation of spirit over the refusal, by the Harvard Corporation, of Putzy Hanfstängl's thousand-dollar traveling fellowship offered to an American student for study in those fonts of wisdom, the Nazi-controlled German universities. Nor did President Conant's letter mince words in its rejection of the gift. He said: "We are unwilling to accept a gift from one who has been so closely associated with the leadership of a political party which has inflicted damage on the universities of Germany through measures which have struck at principles we believe to be fundamental to universities throughout the world." In less polite language this merely says: "We don't like you, we like your Boss even less, and you can keep your money." Its admirable forthrightness makes it even more difficult to comprehend the acceptance by Dean Roscoe Pound, of the Harvard Law School, of an honorary degree from the University of Berlin. President Conant, in refusing to be photographed with Ambassador Hans Luther and Dean Pound while the happy event was being projected for the newsreels, is reported to have said emphatically: "It's strictly a matter between these two gentlemen. I'm not in it." But a dean in America's oldest and one of its most famous universities, himself a jurist of international reputation, is distinctly a public figure. And Dean Pound called particular attention to the degree because, on his return from Germany some weeks before receiving it, he had been quoted as opining that affairs in that country were not quite as bad as they were painted. It would really have been a little prettier if he had seen fit to wrap up and return his honorary degree along with Putzy's thousand dollars.

THE VALIDITY of a writ of habeas corpus—certainly one of the pillars of the democratic temple—is being challenged in Alabama. Two young lawyers, Sol Cohen and David Schriftman, representing the International Labor Defense of New York, were arrested in Tennessee on the complaint of Victoria Price, witness in the Scottsboro case, that they had offered her $500 to recant her testimony. It is stated, on authority of the International Juridical Association, that a writ of habeas corpus was issued for the two men, but in complete disregard of the writ, extradition papers were signed and the men were taken over the border into Alabama where they are now held in custody. Upon representations from the International Juridical Association, Governor Lehman telegraphed to Governor Miller of Alabama urging that the constitutional rights of the two prisoners be upheld. Governor Miller replied irrelevantly that they were in no danger of violent handling and that they would be tried with due process of law. It is to the interest of every American citizen that these two men be released at once to the jurisdiction of the Tennessee authorities. They were extradited in defiance of one of the first principles of our American bill of rights.

THE REENTRANCE of Governor Gifford Pinchot into the stormy Pennsylvania political arena has provided more than a modicum of fireworks and repercussions, even touching the White House in a sensitive spot. Following his often-declared policy, "When I am working for a good object I am free to accept help from anybody who is willing to give it," the lank forester did what Jim Farley calls a "political flip-flop" and turned his back squarely upon the advocates of the New Deal in the Keystone State. James F. Guffey, Democratic candidate for Senator, whose sole distinction is that he backed the right horse at Chicago, "I just can't stand," he said, and cited chapter and verse from that gentleman's spotted past. George H. Earle, Democratic candidate for Governor, he termed a "fool" and a "playboy." Of Senator David A. Reed, who defeated him in the Republican primary, he significantly said nothing, but he did come out unequivocally for William A. Schnader, which is not at all surprising since Schnader has been his Attorney General for four years. It is apparent that Pinchot has split with the New Dealers, but this must not be taken to mean he has suddenly gone tory, as Mr. Farley asserts. He simply does not like Mr. Guffey, Mr. Earle, or Mr. Farley as champions of the oppressed, and rightly asserts that "one of the very finest things that could be done for Roosevelt would be to pluck them of every tail feather that still remains."

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A New Outlook on Public Finance

ECONOMICS, as a science, has begun only recently to make a serious study of the function of public finance in the national economy. The traditional attitude used to be that public finance had no reasonable place in it, since public economy was based on the market, and taxes could not be identified as prices without stretching the imagination. More recently economists grudgingly acknowledged that public finance, since it took a share of the national income, must be part of the national economy. But they taught the policy of "let-alone," discouraging state intervention in the interest of keeping as much as possible of the national income for private distribution. This teaching did not stay the growth of the state, or deaden its financial appetite. In Western civilization the state has passed from the share system of public finance to a new stage in which the state not only shares much more of the national income but controls still more than it shares.

The swift evolution has not been accompanied by as swift a development of its understanding. America is in an advanced stage of this evolution; we are out of the "share system" and in an active system of control. Yet most of the comment on financial policy in this country is conditioned by the thinking of an earlier period. The economic theory of Thomas Jefferson or Adam Smith is dragged out to oppose policies in a world that Jefferson and Smith did not dream of. Individuals may earnestly wish a return to the economic simplicities of 1800, but in fact the state has been growing steadily, and the modern social outlook is the determination that in its growth the state shall serve the social interest.

The scientific study of public finance in the modern economy, a study predicating the full acceptance of the "control system," is fairly new. Much of it has been made during the past decade. Some of it, such as the theory of the modern budget, is still younger. The lay public knows little of the subject at a time when national policies are being formed and far-reaching legislation is being enacted. So it is with a sense of doing an important duty that we begin the publication this week of a series of articles on Public Finance in the World Crisis. Compiled under the direction of Dr. Paul Studenski, it will survey this broad field from the standpoint of younger economists whose work is deserving of the widest influence.

The difficulties in the way of social policy in American public finance are almost insuperable. Obviously there can be little concerted social reconstruction in the present anarchy of the federal system. So long as the power of taxation is divided between the federal government, the States, and local authorities it is impossible to apply a coordinated system, designed to serve the social needs of the whole community. This is a fundamental, constructional defect in our scheme of government. As for the formulation of financial policy, this is usually so shaped as to intrench the wealth of the few at the expense of the many. If a new source of revenue is sought, a sales tax, or some other levy on consumption, comes first to mind. Levies on consumption are collected from the masses, and the tax represents a large share of small incomes, and a small share of large incomes. The wealthy pass on the real burden of government to the poor. Excise tax levies, applied in the form of tariffs or duties on articles in common use, are similarly collected disproportionately from those with the least capacity to pay. This is true today, despite the New Deal with its beginnings of a social outlook. No serious attempt has been made to devise a tax system which finances the governments—federal, State, and local—for definite social purposes. At present we merely seek to require wealth to pay proportionately for the services it exacts from the state. The graduated income tax is a start on the way to justice. But in practice much of this advance is nullified by the issue of tax-free securities, State and federal, and by the skilful evasion of income tax. No workingman today escapes taxation; he pays it if he buys a loaf of bread. But the volume of tax-free securities in America is over $40,000,000,000, and the evasion of income tax by wealthy men simply means that in many cases, such as that of the Morgan partners in 1931 and 1932, the poor and the needy pay for the protection the wealthy receive from the federal government.

The American system of today is not just, even according to Victorian standards. Now we are promised in the New Deal that it shall become not only just but social. America begins to hear the phrase "the redistribution of wealth." Already the state is reaching out to exercise some control over production, wages, business practices; and the Administration speaks of social insurance and the security of those in society whom the financial system has neglected, the unemployed, the aged, the widows, the sick. These are brave and worthy intentions, but to be more than intentions there must be a much more vigorous acceptance of the social purpose of public finance.

The President in his Green Bay speech said: "The processes we follow, in seeking social justice, do not in adding to general prosperity take from one and give to another. In this modern world the spreading out of opportunity ought not to consist of robbing Peter to pay Paul. We are concerned with more than mere subtraction and addition." What wealth is to be redistributed? Only the wealth still to be created? Does he hesitate before the imposition of death duties, which are a beginning in the redistribution of wealth? In this country the death duties on an estate of $50,000 left wholly to the widow, there being no dependents, are nil; in England they are $2,500. On an estate of $100,000 the levy here is $1,000, in England $9,000. Of a million we take $117,500, the English $270,000. Here again our public finance is less socially serviceable than that of Great Britain, France, or Germany. Evidence that the Administration conceives of its social obligation in terms of public finance is not plentiful. We join in Professor Studenski's belief that "the responsibility which confronts the state in the present crisis is as great as that which confronts it in times of war." The nation is only at the beginning of its evolution to a real New Deal, and sweeping changes in structure and philosophy will be needed before we emerge as a social state in which government serves the entire community even as well as the President has promised.

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New York's Campaign

THERE is a hollowness, a lack of substantiality and of realism about the battle being staged by the Republicans and Democrats in New York State which passes understanding in the fifth year of our national crisis. The Old Guard Republicans have driven out W. Kingsland Macy from the State chairmanship because he was so criminal as to wish to purge the party of those of its public servants who are closely affiliated with or employed by the public utilities and other large corporations. When the Empire State ought to be sending its best brains to Washington, it has chosen as its nominee for the Senate a gentleman for whom there is nothing to say except that, to quote Norman Thomas, he is "known only as a manufacturer who has made a fortune out of the shirt industry—an industry notorious for its exploitation of labor and its opposition to unions." When it came to the governorship, the party did itself proud in choosing a man who has proved to be about the most fearless and able official the State has had in generations. But it is hard to believe that so enlightened a man as Robert Moses will pit himself against the spirit of the New Deal.

As far as the Democrats are concerned, the situation is similarly disheartening. To renominate Dr. Copeland for the Senate is an insult to the intelligence and ability of the voters of the State. Dr. Copeland wormed his way into the Senate by accident, having been nominated in a year when the prospect appeared hopeless and nobody wanted the job. As we have repeatedly pointed out, he pulls about as little weight in the Senate as any man there; when he gets up to speak the house is emptied. He has nothing whatever that is substantial to show for his long service, but he has had the opportunity to make money for himself on the side by writing syndicated articles giving health hints and by speaking over the radio in the pay of patent-medicine vendors. It was he more than anyone else who emasculated the Tugwell drug bill and prevented its passing, something that alone ought to bring about his retirement. Yet the greatest State of the Union can find no better person to represent its interests than Dr. Copeland, or Mr. Cluett!

As for Governor Lehman, whom the Democrats have renominated, he has undoubtedly been well-meaning and hard-working, without inspiration, without strong leadership, although on occasion he has stuck well to portions of his program. But he is hand in glove with Tammany Hall, to the extent of advocating the election of Mayor O'Brien when he was first put up and sitting squarely on the fence when the Fusion campaign was on last fall. When New York City was fighting to get rid of the Tammany gang Governor Lehman could not find an opportunity to say one word to strengthen the forces of good government. That he will be reelected in this Roosevelt year admits of little doubt, but that he will contribute anything to the reorganization of American life is not within the range of possibility. Even Al Smith in nominating him at the Democratic convention made an extraordinarily dull speech and devoted less than one-sixth of it to Governor Lehman—when he ceased reminiscing. The best that he could say was: "We are going to have six weeks in which to deal at length with the administration of Governor Lehman, his accomplishments in the face of the same stubborn opposition that has made itself manifest in Albany for the past twelve years. . . . During the last two years Governor Lehman has fought those reactionary elements. He has guided the State with a knowledge of business and finance at a trying and very critical time." This is all that he could venture, beyond saying that the Roosevelt and Lehman Democratic administrations stood "at the very front of human progress" during the "very critical period in our history."

Al Smith himself illustrates the mess that the Democratic Party is in at present. He did not support the New Deal. As Norman Thomas asks, "How could he? Is he not himself allied with the most reactionary Republicans and with those merchants of death, the du Ponts, in an extreme opposition to all the policies of the New Deal—which the Democratic Party indorsed [at Albany]?" Is it not a crime for the Empire State to refuse in this hour to send Norman Thomas to the Senate! He is the Socialist candidate and that makes his success hopeless. But what a Senator he would make! He could represent the working people of New York, both Republicans and Democrats, as they have never been represented before. He could render enormous service to the entire country and to the Roosevelt Administration itself by the intelligent criticism that he would offer. He would be the equal of almost any man on the floor in debate, and he would be more formidable than any other Senator, except La Follette and some of the other progressives, because he is no man's man but his own. Only because of a label the State and the country are deprived of a fearless, able, unselfish, and entirely devoted leader.

Japan's Fascist Threat

SHORT of an outbreak of actual hostilities, no news from the Far East could be more disquieting than the recent appearance of an official pamphlet, published and widely circulated by the Japanese army, urging a vast increase in armaments together with a drastic reorganization of the nation's economic structure. It is not, of course, surprising that the military clique should paint a lugubrious picture of the state of the national defense in order to obtain an increase in armament appropriations. This is a time-honored game, fostered by munitions manufacturers the world over. But the significance of the Japanese army's statement lies far deeper. The fact that it embraces the whole field of domestic policy as well as that of military affairs indicates that it must be interpreted as a new attempt on the part of the younger military and naval groups to seize the dominating role in Japanese political life.

It will be recalled that three years ago, at the time of the invasion of Manchuria, these groups were extremely vocal and influential. Owing to the severity of the economic crisis, discontent with the corrupt and vacillating character of the existing parliamentary government was widespread, particularly among the lower middle class and the farmers. In view of their class origin and the peculiar prestige which the military hold in Japanese society, it was natural that the backbone and driving force of the opposition movement should be supplied by the younger army officers. In their attitude toward foreign policy they were ultra-nationalistic,

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while in the domestic sphere they were strongly opposed to the big industrialists and financiers who had hitherto held a controlling influence in Japanese political life. This strong nationalist and anti-capitalist bias, together with their opposition to parliamentarism, marks these groups as definitely fascist in character—not perhaps exactly the Nazi variety but something closely akin to it. The movement is isolationist, or at least "Back to Asia" in its emphasis; it is only too ready to resort to force upon the slightest provocation; and it is unmindful of the treaty pledges that appear to stand in the way of Japan's "manifest destiny." These groups were largely responsible for the aggressive stand taken against China in 1931 and for Japan's subsequent withdrawal from the League of Nations. They have also been in the forefront in arousing feeling against the United States and the Soviet Union.

For a short time in the spring of 1932 it looked as if the fascist movement would sweep the entire country. The assassination of Premier Inukai by a group of uniformed cadets was the climax to a long series of political crimes which expressed the widespread discontent with party government in a manner that was peculiarly Japanese. Fortunately, however, the fascist groups did not feel themselves to be in a strong enough position to seize power at that time. Accordingly, a compromise was reached in setting up the Saito Government whereby the military-naval cliques were allowed to dominate foreign policy, while the civilian groups, as represented by the regular political parties, were intrusted with responsibility for domestic affairs. This arrangement has been perpetuated in the present Cabinet headed by Admiral Okada, and has given Japan a period of comparative peace in the political sphere.

To what extent this delicate balance will be disturbed by the army's reentry into the political arena it is difficult to judge at this distance. It is possible that the appearance of the pamphlet may indicate that the reactionary elements at last feel themselves strong enough to challenge the bourgeois-parliamentary social system which they have so long denounced. Should this be true, the danger to the outside world can scarcely be overstated. All Japan's foreign wars with the exception of that with Germany in 1914 have been the reflections of domestic conflict. On the other hand, the failure of the fascist elements to follow up the publication of the statement with definite political action suggests that it may be merely a bluff to force the acceptance of a greatly inflated military budget at the forthcoming session of the Diet. In either case there can be no question regarding the strength of jingoist sentiment in Japan today. With the attention of the entire nation focused on preparations for war with the Soviet Union, the danger of such a conflict is by no means removed, despite the apparent settlement of the Chinese Eastern Railway controversy. Nor can we safely ignore the international crisis which all Japanese expect to develop following the 1935 naval conference.

The position of the United States in this connection is an extremely delicate one. We cannot surrender to Japanese demands for naval parity without greatly strengthening the prestige as well as the prowess of Japanese militarism. Yet any effort to combat Japanese preparedness by similar action in this country is likewise bound to feed the flames of nationalism in Japan. It is a situation which challenges the best in American diplomacy.

Gift Horses

CONSIDERABLE excitement is being generated in the State of Vermont over the proposed motor highway to be constructed through the Green Mountains, paralleling the "Long Trail" over which thousands of hikers have grown to know and love the forest. The highway is to be constructed in part with federal funds, with the intention of providing work for the unemployed; it will entail, in addition, a large State debt, to be paid for by the taxpayers over a period of years. It is obvious that such a paved road will destroy the character and meaning of the mountain trails which it comes near. In place of persons afoot who take the mountains rod by rod, missing nothing of their quiet beauty, motorists will eat up the miles, fifty or sixty to an hour, bringing all the horrors of gasoline stations and hot-dog stands in their wake.

This might, however, be considered a matter to be adjusted privately between Vermont and the United States if, in certain of its aspects, it were not typical of federal public-works plans in many localities. The town of Cornwall, Connecticut, has just accepted, by a margin of five votes at town meeting, a federal grant of $30,000, and will assume a bond obligation of $70,000, the whole sum to be expended on about three miles of paved road, connecting two other paved roads, on which there are perhaps—by a generous estimate—half a dozen houses to the mile. These road projects are designed to provide work for local unemployed. But contractors to whom the jobs are farmed out discover, in the majority of instances, that local labor is more costly and less efficient than imported labor which has made road-digging a profession. And on the first possible pretext the local man is all too likely to find himself out of a job. Moreover, every available truck in the town is commandeered for work on the paved roads, with the result that many miles of dirt roads suffer a general and unequivocal neglect. The result, of course, is an elegant strip of thirty-foot pavement over which a couple of cars an hour sweep their way grandly from some place to some place, and in addition the town is saddled with a debt that makes the recent obligations of our war debtors—as yet, be it noted, uncollected—look almost piddling in comparison.

If we seem, in these strictures, to be casting a sour eye on "progress" in general, we accept the impeachment gladly. Let us have fewer hard roads, fewer of the Eate and Runne Shoppes that never fail to line them, fewer roadsides ravished to make room for widening, and more solid, well-drained dirt roads that will not wash out in autumn rains or sink out of sight altogether after the first good thaw in March—and, incidentally, such roads cost about a tenth as much to construct as would a pavement. There is plenty of need for the expenditure of public funds on roads. But it is highly dubious that the need is for those costing $30,000 a mile. Nor do certain localities fail to see this very point. The town of Colebrook, Connecticut, a neighbor of the Cornwall referred to above, has refused with thanks a federal grant for a hard road. Other small towns in New England have voted similar refusals. There are times when looking down the throat of a gift horse is, in the long run and in spite of its reputed bad manners, the part of wisdom.

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Issues and Men

Robert Moses—A Great Public Servant

THE Republican Party of the State of New York did a clever thing when it nominated Robert Moses for the governorship the other day. That he is a Jew was, of course, an important factor, since the present Governor, Herbert Lehman, just renominated by the Democrats, is also one, and very popular with Jewish voters. But what is far more noteworthy is that Robert Moses is a great executive and a great public servant; and during most of his political life he has counted himself one of Al Smith's warmest and most intimate friends. As such he belongs to the group of men who were outraged by the nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt. They felt with all the intensity of their natures that Al Smith should have had a second try for the Presidency, and that every obligation of friendship and gratitude for political favors received should have made Franklin Roosevelt throw his strength to the wearer of the brown derby. For his failure to do this some of them will never forgive the President.

But Robert Moses's friendships long ago crossed party lines and include Mayor LaGuardia's among them. So eager was the latter to have Mr. Moses in his administration that, as will be remembered, he induced the legislature to pass a special bill enabling Mr. Moses to retain his office in the State park system and act as City Park Commissioner too. There was no objection because everybody in Albany knew that Mr. Moses had executive ability enough for at least four jobs. He is fearless, incorruptible, independent. He refuses to play politics or to permit politics to play any part in his domain. His nomination on the Republican ticket will, I believe, make no difference whatever in him. He will be just as independent, as vigorous, and as forthright as he always has been. All the New York dailies admit that he will run his own campaign in his own way and prophesy that he will impress his rare personality upon the State before he finishes his campaign. The odds are against his winning, but there can be no comparison between him and Governor Lehman. Mr. Moses is far superior in courage, ability, and independence, and unlike the Governor, he has never supported a Tammany Hall candidate or had the slightest affiliation with that despised organization.

Mr. Moses's career arouses my enthusiasm—I scarcely know him personally—because it shows again that the United States can draw into the government executives of a remarkable type who do not need the lure of large salaries to serve their States or their country. Washington is full of them—especially since the New Deal; one of the most brilliant, fearless, and constructive is the Coordinator of the Railroads, Joseph B. Eastman. No "pull" started Mr. Moses on his official career and no favoritism has kept him in it. He has made good from the start, and the State of New York's remarkable park system and the admirable administration of it are impressed everywhere with the stamp of Robert Moses's personality, rectitude, and ideals. I wish that everybody who believes that a State cannot do a good piece of constructive or administrative work—good in comparison with our old friends, private initiative and private enterprise—could visit Jones's Beach on Long Island, which is particularly the creation of Robert Moses. It is a model for the entire world.

This park can easily take care of 40,000 cars on a Sunday. There are the ocean, a swimming pool, and a still-water lagoon, the latter for both swimming and boating. There are worth-while amusements for old and young—nothing cheap, nothing vulgar, nothing savoring of Coney Island; and there are restaurants and lunch counters for every purse. There is not a jarring note in the entire enterprise, and what is more interesting it about pays for itself. No sooner had Mr. Moses taken hold of the New York City park situation than an immediate improvement was manifest. He overruled political pulls, threw influential yacht clubs off city property, drove out squatters, requisitioned idle reservoirs for new parks, demanded land abandoned for prison use, and invigorated and stimulated the whole Park Department. From that point of view it would be a misfortune if he were chosen Governor. His ability now to coordinate the State park work with the city's playgrounds is of itself an enormous gain.

Especially noteworthy has been his wiping out of the concessions for costly restaurants, and his insistence that they shall be supplanted by moderate-priced establishments, to which people of average means can resort. The Claremont Inn, next to Grant's Tomb, is a case in point. The scale of prices there was such that only the extremely well-to-do could frequent it. Now you can get a good meal for a dollar, and there is an open-air dancing floor of adequate size free for the diners. It is undeniable that if Mr. Moses became Governor and had adequate backing from the legislature, he would invigorate and revolutionize the entire governmental machine of the State. But the legislature is the rub. As long as the decent Republican voters continue to permit their bosses to send corruptionists or corporation tools to the legislature, and as long as Tammany is the dominating factor on the Democratic side, there is little hope of an adequate reorganization of the State government and the Civil Service. I am not unaware that Mr. Moses, like other strong executives, is charged with being arbitrary and czar-like, and I don't see how he can run on the Republican platform without holding his nose. Nor can I imagine his playing Republican politics.

At the beginning I pointed out that Robert Moses is a Jew. If he were living in Germany today, or Austria, his great talents and wonderful public spirit would be cast aside merely because of his race. Could anything illustrate more clearly the stupidity and folly of anti-Semitism wherever it is to be found?

Oswald Garrison Villard

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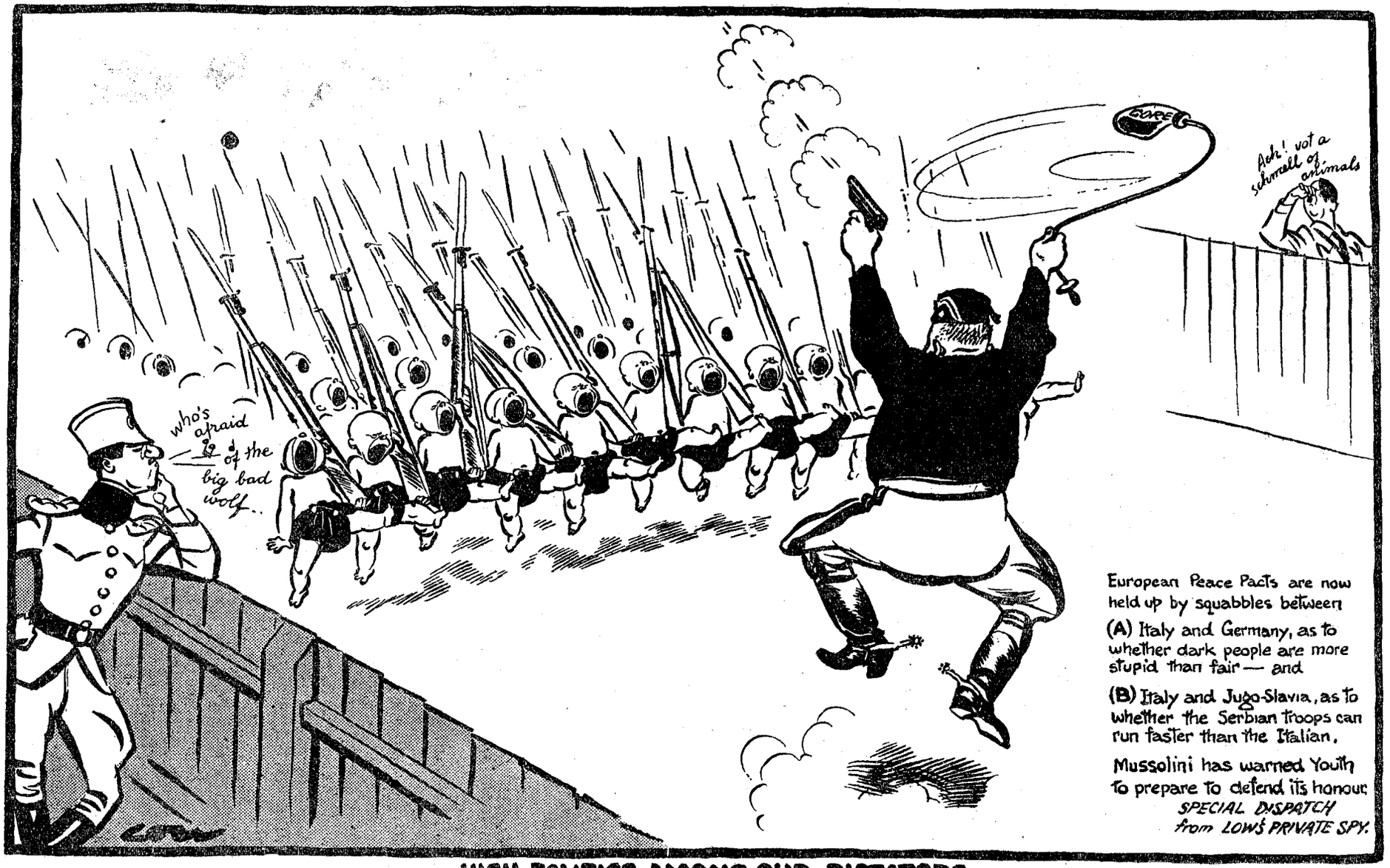
A Cartoon by LOW


who's afraid of the big bad wolf..
BOMBE
Ach! vot a schmall of animals
European Peace Pacts are now held up by squabbles between
(A) Italy and Germany, as to whether dark people are more stupid than fair — and
(B) Italy and Jugo-Slavia, as to whether the Serbian troops can run faster than the Italian.
Mussolini has warned Youth to prepare to defend its honour
SPECIAL DISPATCH from LOW'S PRIVATE SPY.

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HIGH POLITICS AMONG OUR DICTATORS.

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Public Finance in the World Crisis

By PAUL STUDENSKI

BECAUSE of the existence of the notion that individuals spend money more wisely than do public authorities, public finance has tended to be strictly limited in its functions; it has been regarded as little more than a supplementary agent of private enterprise. The state has been expected to employ public funds for the protection of life and property and for furnishing only those services which individuals could not reasonably hope to enjoy through private enterprise. The state has been expected to take from the incomes of the people the smallest possible sums to pay the costs of the services it furnishes. The major part of the total national income has been deliberately left to be spent privately.

In spite of these conceptions, public finance has been continually expanding as the functions of the state have developed. To the strictly protective functions of the laissez faire state, there have been added in the course of time a great many constructive social and economic functions aiming at a correction of some of the most obvious shortcomings of the processes of production and distribution of wealth under private management. This increasing intervention of the state in the economic sphere has been observed in some countries since the World War, and has been practically universal since the beginning of the present crisis. The amount of intervention has varied; in some states it has extended to the point where a substantial control over the operation of industry is involved.

So long as the state was merely a protector of life and of the rights of property and interfered little with private enterprise, it was natural that the sphere of public finance should remain extremely narrow. Outlays for military purposes and interest on the war debt exceeded all other expenditures. The economic needs of the citizens were cared for almost entirely by private enterprise, while the cultural needs of the masses were largely neglected. Taxes were relatively light and were supposedly apportioned in accordance with the benefit derived by the citizens from the protective activities of the state. Customs duties, excises, poll taxes, and the general property tax formed the mainstay of the tax system. There was comparatively little public borrowing except in time of war.

In more recent times public finance has assumed greater importance. In addition to supporting the traditional police and military organizations, public finance has been charged with the responsibility of assisting actively in the operations of private enterprise, correcting any maladjustments appearing in them, securing the satisfaction of socially desirable needs which would be left unsatisfied on the basis of private expenditure, obtaining a better distribution of the social product among the members of society than would be effected by private exchanges, and generally improving the quality of the social life. Thus, public funds are raised and spent today for the conservation and development of the country's economic resources, for the improvement of the means of transportation, for the special encouragement of certain industries (or even the organization of some of them under public ownership), for the free and universal education of the children, for the improvement of public health and the promotion of wholesome recreation, for the proper care of the indigent and feeble-minded, and finally for the insurance of the workers against sickness, disability, old age, and unemployment.

The increased proportion of the national income employed by the state indicates that the expansion of state activity in modern society has proceeded more rapidly than the expansion of private enterprise. This fact is regarded by some citizens as auguring well for the future of the social order, while to others it spells disaster. Both groups interpret it as an indication of a gradual transformation of the capitalistic state into a socialistic one, but both have exaggerated the rate of this expansion. In actual fact, public ownership has made little headway in fields traditionally occupied by private business. The civil expenditures of the government even at their peak have not taken more than 15 per cent of the private income of the people. And side by side with the expansion of social, economic, and cultural expenditures there has taken place an expansion of military expenditures which bodes ill for the peace of the nations and for the future of the social order.

To finance the enlarged outlay governments have constantly needed additional tax revenues. They have obtained them partly by increases in the rates of existing taxes, and partly by the introduction of new taxes. The latter method, however, has been avoided whenever possible for obvious reasons. Such new taxes as have been imposed have been generally put upon the groups least able to resist them. Prior to the war the bulk of the tax revenue was obtained from levies on real property and taxation of the consumption of tobacco, liquor, and other luxuries of the common man, as well as of certain business enterprises and transactions. In many countries these sources still form the main reliance of the tax system. Large property-owners and corporations have generally managed to shift their property and business taxes through increased rents and prices to the large body of consumers.

Progressive income taxes and progressive inheritance taxes have been a comparatively recent development and are the only ones that are levied in accordance with the principle of ability to pay. The tax system as a whole in nearly every country is regressive in the sense that it takes a larger proportion of the small incomes than it does of the large ones. Instead of mitigating the existing inequalities in the distribution of wealth, it accentuates them. The tax revenues have been supplemented very substantially in most countries, during the past fifty years or more, with public loans for capital outlays, military expenditures, current budgetary deficits, and in anticipation of the collection of taxes. Public debts have grown from year to year, leading to an increase in the proportion of the government budget devoted to debt service and a consequent growth in its inelasticity.

Under the terrific strain of the World War public finance became completely disarranged in most countries.

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The war bequeathed to posterity an unstable currency, a huge and expensive war debt, and the need of large sums for pensions to war veterans, and indirectly accelerated the expansion of military expenditures. At the same time, by impoverishing the nations, the war made it difficult for the governments to raise the revenue required for their needs. The various remedial measures employed during the post-war period failed to alter the circumstances materially and at best did little more than lead the world into a false sense of security. The United States more than any other country suffered from a delusion of prosperity during the post-war period, and the policies which it adopted contributed to a temporary upswing of business in other countries during that time. The war enriched us, and so we treated ourselves to a mock-prosperity after it was over. We indulged in wild private speculations and investments at home and abroad and in a happy-go-lucky irresponsible public finance. Instead of using the federal surpluses to liquidate the war debt, as common sense dictated, we returned enormous sums to the taxpayers, through lower taxes, to be privately spent or invested. Instead of paying out of taxes for the improvement of our highway system and our educational facilities, which were the two principal governmental undertakings of the time, we borrowed heavily for these purposes. We expanded our State tax systems only slightly, by the addition of gasoline taxes and income taxes, leaving the local taxes as they were, and upon this flimsy foundation we erected a huge State and municipal indebtedness.

In some respects the responsibility which confronts the state in the present crisis is as great as that which confronted it in war time. If unemployment continues as a result of the failure of private enterprise to revive, the only hope of the millions in distress lies in state assistance, and private enterprise itself will be increasingly dependent on government aid. But the state is everywhere slow in responding to the demands of the time. The reason for its failure to act is partly financial and partly political in nature. The finances of the state, undermined as they were by the war and subsequent disorder, could not stand the shock of the depression and consequently became further disarranged by it. The collapse of business and the decline in private incomes deprived the state of a portion of its revenue and threw its budget out of balance. Unable to meet its ordinary expenditures—that is, to pay its own employees and creditors—it naturally hesitated to assume new obligations. Moreover, the expansion of state activity was and still is successfully opposed by the propertied classes for the obvious reason that it must lead eventually to heavier taxation.

Thus in most countries the government has occupied itself during these past few years with the task of patching up the holes in its own budget and curtailing its activities. Emphasis has been placed solely upon the necessity of balancing the budget, and a policy of rigorous economy has been instituted to that end. Public works have been curtailed; salaries of public employees have been slashed all along the line; essential social services have been discontinued; and expenditures for education and social welfare have been drastically cut. The only outlay which has not been seriously curtailed is that for defense and military purposes. Holders of government bonds in the vast majority of cases have not been made to suffer any losses, although payments on debt obligations to other governments have been quite generally suspended and the obligations involved practically repudiated. The gaps in public revenue have been filled in part by increases in the rates of the existing taxes and by the introduction of general sales taxes and of one or two new minor taxes. Deficits have been covered, wherever possible, by means of loans. Needless to say, this negative policy has generally brought in its wake an increase in unemployment, a decrease in the purchasing power of the people, and an aggravation of the crisis, leading to political unrest.

Within the past eighteen months the federal government of the United States has abandoned the passive policy described above in favor of the policy of active social control and reconstruction known as the New Deal, and has endeavored to induce the State and local governments to follow a similar course. This involves vast spending of public funds for public works, unemployment relief, social insurance, and financial aid to certain groups of producers and certain types of businesses. Among other things the present program provides for the extension of public ownership, the establishment of an effective supervision over private enterprise aiming at a more equitable distribution of wealth, and the encouragement of labor organization. The execution of this policy requires the effective use by the government of its taxing, borrowing, and currency powers, and mobilization for public purposes of all funds not used productively in private enterprise. It requires, above all, the development of coordinated planning and execution of plans by all the three layers of government—federal, State, and local—and the pooling of their financial resources so that they can function as a coordinated whole.

The state which has extended vastly its control over industry must necessarily derive a substantial portion of its revenue from the taxation of business. It becomes a partner in business enterprise and as such claims a part of the revenue it helps the enterprise to earn. A new theory of taxation is therefore necessary in the new state—that of state partnership. Together with the older theory of ability to pay, it must form the main foundation of the new tax system.

Public finance, because of the strategic position it has traditionally occupied in modern social organization, can render a great service to society in its present predicament. Behind public finance are the compulsory powers of the state. Carried on as it ostensibly is for a public purpose and not for private profit, it can furnish services that can be supplied in no other way. It is to a large extent centrally planned and controlled; it raises funds by means of compulsory levies imposed according to some rule of social policy and generally without regard to the amount, cost, or value of the services supplied to the individuals forced to bear the expense; it is therefore one of the few agencies of the capitalistic economy which without serious modification of the system as a whole can be deliberately used to stabilize that economy whenever it fails to achieve stability. But before public finance can achieve its fullest usefulness, certain obvious changes in its structure and methods of operation are necessary. The possibility of harmonizing our public finance with the changing social circumstances will be considered in the subsequent articles of this series.

[*This is the first of a series of articles on public finance which* The Nation *will publish under the editorial direction of Professor Studenski. The second, Public Budgeting, by A. E. Buck, will appear next week.*]

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Slimming the NRA

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, October 8

THE welter of bathos and Biblical allusion in which General Johnson passed out of the NRA and public life has obscured an understanding of his departure. The God-fearing must have been startled to hear the swashbuckling General tell his associates: "You can treasure in your hearts your part in as great a social advance as has occurred on this earth since a gaunt and dusty Jew in Palestine declared, as a new principle in human relationships, 'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you,' the Sermon on the Mount, and the Golden Rule."

Such an encomium to the NRA, voiced in the hour when it begins its dismantling, would be downright mendacious from anyone more rational than the astonishing dictator who organized it. Fortunately a distinction can often be drawn between personalities and social tendencies. The tendency of the Johnson regime was toward fascism. What else is self-government in industry under one-man rule with labor in a subordinate status? General Johnson may not have thought of it in these terms, or known what he represented in social tendency.

But the significance of his going is that the tendency he unconsciously expressed is checked. The closer organization of business is not a local American phenomenon. Europe knows all about "self-government" in industry. And when General Johnson retired, the Hitlerites in Germany lamented his going as a defeat for themselves. They would refuse to believe that the General belonged with them only unconsciously.

When the reorganization of the NRA was linked by the President with the proposal for a truce between capital and labor, it appeared for a moment as though the exit of General Johnson did not check the tendency toward fascism. As fascism draws near, self-government in industry comes first; the complete subordination of labor follows inevitably. The labor truce precedes the outlawry of industrial war. And with the abolition of strikes, under the guise of compulsory arbitration, the self-government of industry becomes government by industry.

There would be cause indeed for alarm were it not for the fact that the NRA is being dismantled as a fascist-like instrument, and the truce was not meant and will not be used as a precursor to compulsory arbitration; at least this assurance is given categorically in official circles.

The President, in his broadcast, said the NRA had finished its first phase and was passing into a second. The second is simply preparatory to the third, its enactment into law. The Williams, or administrative, board is to be in charge while the NRA goes through a slimming treatment. To understand how much reduction is intended, one simply has to be clear concerning what in the NRA is held to be worth saving. The abolition of child labor is one feature, the minimum wage another. Neither has been a complete success, but they are in the process of becoming realities. The President, in advocating a minimum annual income instead of a weekly wage, pointed the way to an improvement. Other features in the NRA are considered to be of more questionable value. In theory, the cooperation of business men to suppress unfair competition is all very well. But it is like trying to achieve morality by signing a pledge. The machinery to prevent untruthful advertising and unfair discounts and gifts may be worth keeping. But the whole conception of unfair competition is due for revision.

Out of this conception came price-fixing. It was not part of the original scheme of the NRA. Indeed, the first price-fixing was by Mr. Ickes in the oil industry. Mr. Richberg himself extended the practice in drafting the steel code. He had been won over to the thesis that if minimum wages were to be imposed on industry, minimum prices were a fair counterbalance. His announcement last week that price-fixing is to go contained no intimation that he had been responsible for it in a major way. Price-fixing, once begun by the "liberals," was seized upon by business generally. It appealed to the man who saw he was losing money because his competitor was underselling him, and who believed that if this was stopped prosperity must begin. He did not know that the small volume of business and not unfair competition was responsible for hard times. His was a kindergarten economics, but believe it or not it was to some extent the economics of General Johnson.

The first test of a new price policy comes in the tire industry. Prices fixed by the code authorities expired the end of September. At the time of writing they have not been renewed. So long as wages are not impaired, industry is to be permitted to sell at a loss. Price-cutting must not be discriminatory. Otherwise there is to be a fairly full return to a price economy. Price-fixing, however, will not be abandoned altogether. It will be retained for industries exploiting natural resources. It is considered the best immediate weapon to prevent the waste of oil, say, in a price war.

The codes are to be kept as permanent machinery in the legislation of next year. But they will be retained principally as the most useful device to prevent child labor and maintain minimum wages. The self-government of industry will be in the background. Without the codes it might be impossible to draft legislation to abolish child labor or to keep minimum wages in a form to pass muster before the Supreme Court.

The permanent form of the NRA will not be devised by the new administrative board. This task falls to the Industrial Emergency Committee headed by Donald Richberg. With him are Harold L. Ickes, Harry L. Hopkins, and Frances Perkins, who once more appear as the stalwarts on whom the President leans for recommendations in permanent policy. The fifth member of the committee is Chester Davis of the AAA. In Washington this is described as an all-liberal committee. It cannot possibly be described as representing big business, and its choice expresses the President's intention of fitting the NRA into the mosaic of the New Deal, instead of giving it the extra-governmental importance it assumed under General Johnson.

On the new administrative board big business is in a minority of two to three. C. Clay Williams, coming out of

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the tobacco industry, which has not yet accepted a code, is chairman, and his business colleague is A. D. Whiteside, of Dun and Bradstreet, who a week before his appointment signed a demand for the abolition of the NRA. Mr. Williams is a familiar figure in Washington, where he has often represented the tobacco trust. Mr. Whiteside negotiated the textile and retail codes, and was a strong advocate of price-fixing. These two will serve with three unquestionable liberals—Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, Leon C. Marshall, who founded the research department of the A. F. of L., and Walton Hamilton. Hillman and Marshall are obviously there to defend the interests of labor, and Hamilton is the representative of consumers. Both Hamilton and Marshall are college professors. Professor Marshall is not for the moment in the good graces of the A. F. of L., and Hillman is not in sympathy with the old guard of that organization, so that the A. F. of L. may feel it has been slighted.

The third board is still to be named. It will have charge of code compliance. Suggestions are made here that labor questions, before reaching the third board, will pass from the NRA to the Department of Labor, where they naturally belong, but no evidence of that intention can be seen. There is no sign that the President is planning new machinery to handle labor conflicts, or that he will weaken the Industrial Relations Board, or seek to build up a system of arbitration, as predicted in the Hearst press, to outlaw strikes. He explicitly has denied that he was seeking to weaken the right to strike, and Miss Perkins, before she left for San Francisco, was also emphatic on that point. What was desired, both said, was that there should be no strikes or lockouts before the machinery of mediation had been used.

The President's proposal of a truce, according to authoritative interpretation, was a trial balloon, sent up to test the winds. The immediate hope was that these might be favorable to peace in the three great industries where war threatens—automobiles, rubber, and steel. But the truce, as an idea, does not suit the labor situation today. It implies that labor is so well disciplined that a truce signed by its leaders would govern the rank and file. The fact is that labor disputes are not being inspired by labor leaders but being imposed on them by a thoroughly disgruntled membership. Even the textile strike came from below. The President might have the support of union leaders for a truce, but until he can satisfy the workers themselves, the signatures of leaders will mean nothing. Compliance of big business with Section 7-a must precede an effective truce. The mentality of the National Association of Manufacturers was revealed within twenty-four hours of the President's broadcast. It proposed a truce recognizing the status quo, which would mean that the fight for collective bargaining was to be abandoned. The response should warn the President that progress through mediation to the general application of Section 7-a is difficult.

* * * * *

The President in his last broadcast boldly staked his future on making capitalism work in the very department where it has never worked before. The curse over the capitalist system has been its inability to get savings into new production quickly enough to prevent unemployment. Karl Marx maintained that it is impossible to accumulate wealth under capitalism without a surplus labor population. Whether or not it is impossible, it never has been done, and unemployment hitherto has been accepted as a necessary evil in capitalism. But, said the President, "I stand or fall by my refusal to accept as a necessary condition of our future a permanent army of the unemployed. On the contrary, we must make it a national principle that we will not tolerate a large army of the unemployed. . . ."

From two to three million persons were unemployed in America during the biggest capitalist boom in history, in 1929, surely a large army in the sense of the President's language. If industry is not to have a reservoir of labor to draw on, as in the past, the President is read as meaning that he hopes to cure an organic disease of capitalism by bringing savings into immediate use.

Savings are not now being brought into use. The banks bulge with them while the relief rolls of the government grow. The President promises to end present unemployment "as soon as we can," and then to take measures against its return. This can have only one interpretation: since capitalism is not using its savings by its own initiative, the government will seize the initiative, both now and in the future. It will find work for the unemployed, not the relief work arranged for an individual so that he may draw $20 a month from the state, but work which adds to the momentum of the process of production. There is only one way to do this—vast public spending to take the place of the vast private spending unobtainable under present conditions.

To make good his promise, the President, it is assumed, has big plans in mind. What they are he has not revealed. Mr. Ickes refers guardedly to a greater public-works program. There is vast spending to be done usefully on the railroads. A similar expenditure on a genuine slum-clearance and housing project would have a similar effect in reducing unemployment. Either program undertaken on a large enough scale would bring to life the capital-goods market, whose condition is responsible for the main body of unemployment today.

Assuming that this is what the President envisages, how does he propose to prevent the recurrence of unemployment? Economists have long pondered this problem, and a current theory is that a permanent program of public works can be kept in the background of private business, to be speeded up when employment tends to decline and retarded as business revives; that is, the government in a moment of business recession will at once launch its own enterprises, financing them by public borrowing.

The President's words imply an early spending program. They imply also a partial retreat from the social philosophy of his insurance message to Congress in June. If there is to be no reservoir of unemployment, compensation will be needed only for the casually unemployed. The British are resigned to the inevitability of unemployment on a fairly large scale. They believe it useful for capitalism to maintain a reservoir of labor, and they tax employers for the privilege. Hence their insurance fund is set to balance while paying benefits to a million and a half, which for a population as large as ours would be four millions, certainly "a large army." The President cannot be thinking of unemployment insurance on a basis as great as the British system. If public works are to absorb the unemployed in a permanent system, their insurance becomes a minor affair, which will redistribute little wealth.

[*Mr. Swing contributes a regular weekly letter from Washington.*]

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"Blue Shirts" in China

By HAROLD R. ISAACS

Peiping, August 15

CHIANG KAI-SHEK needed no cue from Hitler to establish a dictatorship based on naked violence. He began seven years ago in the month of April. His soldiers massacred thousands of workers in the streets of Shanghai, Hankow, and Canton. They slaughtered thousands of peasants in the fields of Central China. Terror is not new to China; it has raged unceasingly here ever since. Death and barbarism still ride in the saddle of power. Since 1927 nearly half a million Chinese men and women, boys and girls, have been crushed beneath this juggernaut of repression. Next to this monster toll even the ghastly tragedy of Germany pales.

But the last two years have seen the Chiang-Kuomintang dictatorship enter a new phase with the appearance of Chiang's pseudo-fascist organization, the "Blue Jackets," the *lan-i-shang*. This group appeared first in April, 1932, only a month after Chiang had helped the Japanese win their Shanghai "victory" by failing to reinforce the Nineteenth Route Army with men, arms, and supplies. Chiang gathered around him a group of thirteen of his closest military and political henchmen. The nucleus of the organization was formed among the Whampoa Military Academy cadets at Nanking and among Chiang's most fawning sycophants in the Kuomintang. Cadres were gradually built up among army officers and party functionaries. Corrupted intellectuals and students, in most instances the sons of landlords, wealthy merchants, and bankers, were drawn in. Ambitious politicians, job-seekers, and job-holders who had attached their political wagons to Chiang's star naturally rallied around the Blue Jacket banner. Finally, the organization absorbed the scum of the treaty ports, the gangsters, racketeers, slavers, smugglers, opium runners, and kidnappers.

These elements, diverse among themselves but with an obvious common class denominator, were forged into a secret society organized along hierarchic lines with Chiang at the summit as "Our Leader." To him the society's rules required the most rigid, unquestioning fealty. This was to be commanded by cash and promises of power. The single, all-pervasive aim impressed on all members was to be the reinforcement in all directions of Chiang's personal, feudal, military dictatorship. Defections were to be dealt with by death. Through the Blue Jackets Chiang set out to acquire full and undisputed military, political, and cultural control. His principal weapon, as before, was to be the terror—but now a terror more refined, more systematic, more shrewdly applied. To help him, he imported from Germany and Italy a staff of some sixty German and Italian fascists to act as advisers to his organization.

In the army Chiang's men set out to build up a closely knit organization of the petty and junior officers on the basis of an appeal to self-interest—strengthening the winning side and staying with it—appropriately dressed in phrases like the "defense of the national revolution," "national reconstruction," and "suppression of the red bandits." Similar work was to be carried on among junior officers in rival armies with a view to weaning them away. The molding of young officers into firm Chiang followers was to be taken care of by political training schools attached to the various armies. These schools, financed and directed by the Military Affairs Commission, headed by Chiang, were established at Nanking, Nanchang, Kaifeng, and later at Peiping and Tientsin.

Within the Kuomintang it became the aim to absorb and secure predominant influence over all provincial and district organizations. This was done partly by strong-arm methods, that is, military support of the Chiang faction, partly by party intrigue and by open-handed disbursement of funds to buy over "desirable" elements. The control thus to be obtained was to be centralized in Chiang's hands. Toward this end agitation was begun for the restoration of the *tsung-li* system—undivided rule of the party by a single, all-powerful "leader." This position was held by Sun Yat-sen but remained unfilled after his death in 1925. The party is now ruled by an executive committee responsible to a congress which is a rubber stamp for the ruling faction but which at the same time provides the culture in which opposition cliques can thrive. Chiang wants his thumb on the whole party machinery and as *tsung-li* he thinks he can achieve this object. Accordingly the word went out and bore fruit in March when eleven *tangpus* (local party organizations) in North China, joined by others in Nanking and elsewhere, circulated a petition clamoring for the restoration of the *tsung-li* system and demanding the appointment of Chiang Kai-shek to that post. Like Caesar, Chiang coyly refused the first offer. Others will follow. In conjunction with these efforts dozens of newspapers and periodicals, first in Nanking and Shanghai, and later in Hankow, Tientsin, and Peiping, were founded and financed by the Blue Jackets for the purpose of attacking the present committee system of government as "unwieldy" and advocating the establishment of a centralized dictatorship under Generalissimo Chiang. Copious translations from Nazi and Italian fascist literature began to appear in these papers and in bookstores. Chiang himself financed and supervised the translation of a "Life of Mussolini" and had 10,000 copies circulated.

In May, 1933, the Blue Jackets had acquired sufficient strength to begin assuming a semi-open character. Despite repeated official denials of their existence, the *lan-i-shang* had become a dominating influence in the army and in Kuomintang politics, and the whole machinery of the terror against anti-Chiang opposition had passed into their hands.

Unlike their colored-shirt prototypes in other lands, Chiang's Blue Jackets do not go in for public display—nor do they necessarily wear blue gowns. They stamp behind no brass bands and at this stage seek not to attract the multitude but to terrorize it. Their task is the application of new, more intensive methods for silencing all opposition. Greatest and most formidable of Chiang's enemies is naturally the Communist movement, and it is against communism that the *lan-i-shang* fight their fiercest. But they by no means confine themselves to combating the reds. Blue Jacket weapons are turned not only against Communists but against

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hostile, jealous generals, rival Kuomintang politicians, disgruntled or ousted job-seekers avid for a share in Chiang's power. The Blue Jacket index includes professors, students, writers, dramatists, and movie producers whose ideas range from convinced Marxism to the lightest shades of liberalism.

No better example of this catholicity could be found than the famous Blue Jacket assassination list, issued to all Blue Jacket sections over the personal signature and chop of Chiang Kai-shek on June 15, 1933. An authentic copy of this list was published on July 14 by the *China Forum*. The list led off with the names of five known leaders of the Communist Party. Lu Sin and Mao Tun, China's two outstanding writers, were also proscribed. Both of them are left sympathizers. Two liberal newspaper editors and one professor, Yang Chien, a member of the Kuomintang Central Executive Committee and a well-known liberal, were likewise included. The list continued with the names of some fifty politicians and militarists of every conceivable non-Chiang hue, ranging from Hu Han-min, right Kuomintang leader and most prominent of the anti-Chiang leaders, and Chen Chi-tang, Canton military chief, to Feng Yu-hsiang and Yen Hsi-hsan, northern militarists, and their followers. A block of seventeen members of the Kuomintang Central Executive Committee, led by the mildly liberal Li Lieh-chun, was marked down for rapid extermination.

Indignant denials, official and otherwise, followed the publication of the list. But by some strange coincidence Yang Chien, secretary of the League for Civil Rights (a faint Chinese attempt at a Civil Liberties Union), had been murdered in the Shanghai French Concession three days after the list was issued. Of the others named, Pai Chung-hsi, the Kwangsi war lord, had a bomb thrown at his head. Chen Chi-tang was the object of no less than three murder attempts. Two pro-Hu Han-min politicians living in the Shanghai French Concession were the victims of attempted kidnappings. Many of the others on the list received written warnings of the fate that awaited them. All this occurred within the space of a few weeks. Publication of the list and the furor it caused in press and political circles apparently punctured the plans, for these particular efforts subsequently ceased.

After the Blue Jackets took hold of the Kuomintang terror machinery, a distinct change occurred in the day-to-day terror methods. Secret kidnapping was largely substituted for open arrest. Unheralded murders took the place of executions, although these latter by no means ceased. Whereas formerly the arrest and execution of Communists and anti-Japanese fighters had been a daily topic for gloating, boastful reports in the Kuomintang press, silence now descended like a black canopy over these terrorist activities. Students, writers, trade-union leaders began disappearing from sight. Soon afterward statements would appear in the press over their signatures formally repudiating their pro-Communist sympathies—however slight or academic they might have been—and lauding the Kuomintang regime which they promised henceforth to support.

Instead of the uniformed police or soldiers who used to come with fixed bayonets to claim their victims, there were now plain-clothes thugs in automobiles, seizing men and women from the streets or from their homes and whisking them off to hotels or the back rooms of police or military headquarters. Instead of the former procedure of summary execution or immediate transfer to some stinking jail, there now intervened a period of cajolery, offers of money and position. In the face of steadfast refusal, this gradually developed into intimidation, torture, imprisonment, and death.

Blue Jacket "cultural control" is being sought by the application of methods closely akin to those originating in the twisted brain of Paul Joseph Goebbels. Here again the repression is not new. It is merely being systematized in accordance with the latest methods, including large-scale book-burnings. Ever since it came to power in 1927 Chiang Kai-shek's Nanking Government has been suppressing left literature and left periodicals. Scores of books and magazines have been forcibly removed from circulation and dozens of young writers, poets, dramatists, and artists have paid with their lives for their efforts at self-expression. But the Blue Jackets deem this to have been done far too haphazardly. Press censorship has in the past likewise been applied without point or system. Too much that was undesirable has been permitted to leak into print. Organized rigidity had to be introduced into this system of suppression if the results were to be at all satisfactory. One way of doing this, they declared, was to launch a "bandit-suppression campaign" in the schools. Shortly afterward this novel idea was put into action. Pan Kung-chan, Shanghai's "educational commissioner," a prominent Blue Jacket leader, ordered the summary dismissal of several middle-school principals and deans whose political complexion did not please him. Efforts at protest on the part of the students, many of them girls, were met with the clubs and guns of armed police and thugs.

Under the direction of the *lan-i-shang,* social sciences have been either entirely proscribed from the curriculum or handed out in unrecognizably distorted forms. Freedom of thought and choice for the students is smashed even more completely than before. Protesting professors are ground out of the mill and libraries are carefully supervised. All extra-curricular activities, other than those directed by the Blue Jackets, are rigidly suppressed.

To bring order into the suppression of left literature and wayward newspapers, magazines, and moving-picture companies, the Blue Jackets decided first to stage a clean-up of existing literature of this type and in January of this year began raiding bookshops, seizing copies of proscribed books, and burning them with appropriate ceremonies at the local Kuomintang headquarters. A blacklist was issued, including titles of books to be seized and the names of authors whose works were never again to be published. Some Shanghai publishers with influence in the party managed to get in a protest, not on cultural grounds, but on the ground that these works alone afforded them profits. Some of the destruction was stayed but most of it proceeded on schedule. Gangs of thugs also started visiting movie studios and smashing them up, leaving warnings behind against "red sympathies." The "League for the Suppression of Red Movies" came into existence, presumably as an offshoot of the Cultural Union. It circulated this statement to the press and all moving-picture companies:

> No movie company shall hereafter produce any such pictures as might help propagate communism, endanger the state, promote class struggle, or sow seeds of national dissension. Description of the darkness of society should be avoided, for that is not the way to educate society. . . . If any theater dares violate this ban it will be bombed. . . .

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For a time the Blue Jacket organs which began to appear regularly in most of the cities under Chiang's control presented no specific program for Chinese fascism but confined themselves to attacking the present committee system of government at Nanking, penning vicious attacks on Chiang's political and military opponents, and more or less abstractly advocating a "strong hand" and a dictatorship as a cure for China's ills. To support this view they contented themselves largely with translating and reprinting fascist articles of Italian and German vintage and editorials of their own lauding the achievements of Hitler and Mussolini.

While this sort of propaganda was useful to them, mainly for purposes of internal party and government intrigue, none of it was of a type calculated to make a popular appeal or elicit mass response. The need for somehow widening the circumference of their circle was early apparent. In a speech delivered before a secret Blue Jacket meeting as far back as April, 1933, Chiang Kai-shek indicated both the problem and his plan for solving it. He declared:

> What we need now before everything else is a new stir, a new movement with which we can lead the masses. Everything which other organizations have tried or advocated has proved ineffective. We've got to step in and utilize what they've neglected. We must urge a transformation of the habits and customs of the people. If a group of us organizes mass action on this basis we will certainly succeed in stirring the nation within a short time.

This would lead to revival of the "national spirit," he said. China's four ancient virtues, *li, yi, lien,* and *chih*—courtesy, righteousness, incorruptibility, and a sense of shame (decency)—should provide China with a code equivalent to Japan's *bushido* or Italy's *Fascismo* as a new basis for political activity. The Blue Jacket association, he said, must devote itself to popularizing such a code.

Not until a year later, however, was this formula seen in action. In March of this year it appeared in the guise of an avowedly new political phenomenon dubbed the "New Life" movement. Personally inaugurated by Chiang Kai-shek at his Nanchang headquarters, it soon spread with fanfare and many parades to all parts of the country. Not by calling for unified resistance against the invader or for struggle against the exploiter and the militarist but by issuing a clarion call not to spit, not to crowd, not to dance, smoke, or act frivolously, Chiang is making his bid for popular support. Through the New Life movement he promises felicity to all through the rehabilitation of the traditional virtues of Confucian China. All the evils that exist in the country today, all the poverty, filth, and human degradation that characterize the present state of Chinese society, are due to no causes deeply rooted in the forms of society itself but to the neglect of these ancient virtues. Their restoration is a *sine qua non* of political reform.

The successful fruition of Chiang's ambitions can scarcely make the living conditions of the Chinese masses any worse than they are today, or the terror much more intense than it has been for seven years. A reading of the Chinese political barometer, however, indicates a steady strengthening of Chiang's military grip on the country under the benign tutelage of the Japanese, with whom Chiang is only too ready to "cooperate."

The "Red Menace" in Minnesota

By ERIC THANE

ON March 28 the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota, in convention in St. Paul, brought forth one of the most remarkable political documents of our time, considering the fact that it was the creation of a party in power. For after setting forth the unhappy state of the Union, the preamble of this platform went on:

> Palliative measures will continue to fail. Only a complete reorganization of the present social structure into a cooperative commonwealth will bring economic security and prevent a prolonged period of suffering among the people.
>
> We therefore declare that capitalism has failed and that immediate steps must be taken by the people to abolish capitalism in a peaceful and lawful manner, and that a new, sane, and just society must be established; a system in which all the natural resources, machinery of production, transportation, and communication shall be owned by the government and operated democratically for the benefit of all the people and not for the benefit of the few.

The adoption of that program followed by one day the outspoken declaration to the delegates of Governor Floyd B. Olson: "I am not a liberal. I am what I want to be, a radical." With that he urged sweeping public ownership of natural resources and wealth-producing agencies. And the delegates took him at his word. They were ready for a change.

But the vested interests and their mouthpiece, the reactionary press, did not want a change, and their opposition to Floyd B. Olson and the Farmer-Labor Party brought about one of the bitterest political battles in Minnesota history, now nearing its final stages. At once they dragged out the familiar red herring of communism. The following, from an editorial in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* of March 30, is an example:

> The platform adopted Wednesday by the State convention of the party marks the assumption into control of the radical left-wing leadership with a program practically indistinguishable from communism except in the choice of the means to the end.

A week later the same paper said:

> The leaders of the Farmer-Labor Party decided last week that the time had come to declare war on the United States. They are bitter, self-seeking men who bear malice toward their country and toward the principles and institutions which have given them their opportunity to launch this destructive attack.

Even more vicious was the attack by the Detroit Lakes (Minnesota) *Record* on Howard Y. Williams, a former St. Paul pastor, now secretary of the League for Independent Political Action, who was chairman of the convention committee that drafted the platform. In April, after Williams

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had been booked to speak at the high-school commencement there, the *Record* said:

> This man is not a fit person to address a group of young men and women who have received their education at public expense under the free school system of this constitutionally controlled government, and his engagement should immediately be canceled. . . . If Williams is dissatisfied with conditions here in America he should migrate at once to Soviet Russia.

Williams spoke, however. After his speech the *Record* referred to him as a "crimson-red Communist."

The papers kept up their alarms about the "red menace," using the familiar trick of telling workers that their employers would move from the State if the Farmer-Laborites were elected in November. This intimidation was going full-blast when the St. Paul city election came along in April, and William Mahoney, Farmer-Labor Mayor, was defeated. But it was by fewer than 1,000 votes.

In May came the first Minneapolis truck drivers' strike. "Communism!" shrieked the employers, deputizing large numbers of men, some of them business men, to fight the strikers. One of the business-men deputies was Arthur Lyman, member of the Citizens' Alliance, an arch-enemy of labor which openly admits that it was organized to keep Minneapolis an open-shop town and that it keeps secret investigators—stool pigeons, as the Governor put it more baldly—in the unions. Lyman was beaten to death in one of the ensuing riots. In this strike, as in the walkout at the large Hormel packing plant in Austin in the winter, when the workers took complete possession of the plant, Governor Olson refused to send national guardsmen to fight the strikers.

In the middle of July the truck drivers struck again, the union demanding wage increases and the right to represent inside workers connected with the trucking industry. A few days after the strike began, pickets stormed a truck convoyed by police in violation of an understanding given by Police Chief Mike Johannes, and the police opened fire. Henry Ness and John Belor were fatally wounded and some forty others were shot, many of them in the back as they fled. Then the Governor threatened martial law. The employers realized that this would not mean such a use of troops as had broken the San Francisco strike and they and their mouthpieces set up a great outcry. The Employers' Advisory Committee told the Governor:

> A handful of dissatisfied workers, aided by Communists, imported disturbers, and local unemployed, are now menacing nearly a half million citizens. . . . If you . . . will send sufficient troops into Minneapolis to aid the civil authorities in maintaining law and order . . . no threat of martial law or any declaration of martial law will be necessary.

The reactionary Minneapolis *Journal* said:

> The strike situation obviously demands not martial law . . . but cooperation between the civil authorities and the State troops. This has been the course pursued in California by Governor Merriam, and with salutary effect.

Governor Olson sent the troops in, however. He declared martial law and set up a permit system whereby trucks not carrying designated necessities were stopped by the military. Adamant employers who stuck by their bankers and fought the strike lost millions in business before the strike ended. It was probably the first time in a labor conflict that troops had been used otherwise than as strike-breakers.

It is worth mentioning that as the employers' battle with Olson went on, the Citizens' Alliance had as its radio mouthpiece Howard Guilford, scandal-sheet editor, whose latest racket was a denunciation of radicalism over the radio and the sending of weekly articles to country editors attacking radicals, especially Governor Olson. Guilford was assassinated early in September by two gangsters who overhauled his car. Their identity remains a mystery, but many Twin Cities people know that Guilford had long made his living in devious ways, and his enemies were many. He had been shot before by gunmen, in 1927.

However, Arthur Townley, once boss of the Nonpartisan League, who bolted the Farmer-Laborites to become an independent candidate for Governor after Olson refused his demand for the ousting of ten State officials, charged in a speech that the Governor had advance information that Guilford was to be killed. By innuendo holding up Guilford as a martyr to the freedom of the press, Tom Schall, Republican Senator, added his bit. Even the Minneapolis *Journal* made haste to refute these sinister implications, however. So that Mr. Townley, his few followers deserting, now cries alone in his wilderness.

The frequent cries of "red" by the opposition have not been without their effect on the Farmer-Laborites. Some of the more timorous members of the party seeking reelection have dodged specific reference to the left-wing platform. Senator Shipstead, in his usual cautious way, has avoided it. Shortly after the first bombardment started, office-holders of the party caused to be published an interpretation of the platform, removing the frankness from some of the language and explaining that some of the more drastic provisions could not be enacted without consent of the people by referendum vote. While by this action the leaders lost face to some extent with a large leftist element in the rank and file, they say, not without reason, that a further interpretation was demanded because of the distortion of the program by the press, which has even tried to show that the platform means State ownership of farms. Even the sincerest left-wingers in the party do not expect these vast changes overnight.

The Governor on the whole has stuck to his guns as a radical. At the recent convention of the State Federation of Labor, he told the delegates that the alternative to a permanent bread line was the taking over by the government of idle factories in order to put the unemployed to producing for their own needs. Despite the bitter battle that is being waged against him, it looks very much as though Olson would win a third term. In the June primary he received 238,821 votes out of the Farmer-Labor total of 280,152. Eight hungry Democrats seeking the gubernatorial nomination split up their party's vote of 267,248, John E. Regan, an Al Smith Democrat, winning with 91,076. It is generally conceded that Regan cannot win this largely Scandinavian State. The total vote for the Republicans, once overwhelmingly in control in Minnesota, sank to 166,252, Martin Nelson getting the nomination with 117,893 votes.

Early in the campaign the business interests appealed for a fusion movement to defeat Olson. But all the opposition to the Farmer-Laborite seems to be without avail. It looks as if the "better element" would lose in November.

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter is all for Science and Facts. Nobody believes more firmly than he in the ultimate utility of statistics, and whenever he sees a table which shows that the correlation between something and something else is plus 6 with a probable error of only 0.2 he has a tendency to rub his hands and to say, "Now we are getting somewhere at last." What is more, he likes figures all the better when they have to do with human beings, and he sees no reason whatever why biometrists should spend all their time on things like "The Thoracic Measurements of Ten Thousand Hermit Crabs (*Eupagurus Angulatus*)" when human beings are continually getting married, jumping off Brooklyn Bridge, and slipping in bathtubs at a delightfully constant rate per thousand. There is just one fly in the ointment, and that is that after the first shock of delight has passed, it is often difficult to make up one's mind just what the very precise statistics are being precise about. The longer one looks at a hard fact the softer it tends to become, or, to put it another way, it is one thing to be convinced that figures don't lie and another to make up one's mind what it is that they are telling the truth about. Hence the Drifter often finds that statistics do not mean anything until he begins to interpret them in terms of his own convictions and to warm, as it were, the cold facts with the heat of his own prejudices. But after he has done that he is not sure that the prejudices themselves wouldn't have been just as reliable—as well as a good deal less arrogant—before he got the figures to back them up.

* * * * *

CONSIDER, for example, the work which has just been done by George Lundberg and his collaborators on "the leisure habits of suburban New Yorkers," the results of which have been published in "Leisure: A Suburban Study." The book is full of meat, but the thing which impressed the Drifter most was the intimate connection which was discovered to exist between annual income and church attendance. It appears that 56 per cent of those who earn less than $5,000 a year habitually go to church every Sunday. On the other hand, only 46 per cent of those who make between $5,000 and $10,000 follow this laudable custom; while of those plutocrats who revel in more than the ten grand per annum only 33 per cent go weekly to hear what the preacher has to say. Now this is what the Drifter calls a real fact. And yet, after mature meditation, he still has not the slightest idea what it really means. Does it show merely that money is the root of all evil and that the more one has, the wickeder one becomes? Perhaps. But no one can be sure who has read Samuel Butler and remembers his argument that the poor cannot be virtuous men because it is promised to the virtuous that they shall not lack any good thing, and since money is obviously a good thing, those who lack it cannot be virtuous unless God has gone back on his word. Even that dreadful thought does not exhaust the possibilities. Supposing that Providence does reduce the income of churchgoers, what does *that* prove? Does it mean a loving chastisement or is it really an oblique favor done by One who knows that wealth brings no happiness?

THE Drifter confesses that he is all at sea. But there is one thing which seems pretty clear: the phenomenon is not one expressible as a simple reversible function. If it were, then you would find in any list of the World's Richest Men the humble name of

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Kind Words for Mr. Krutch

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I should like to express the deep satisfaction I felt after reading Some Doubts Arrived At in Mr. Krutch's series of articles, Was Europe a Success? Certainly the rights of the individual living in 1934 are becoming more and more jeopardized by a growing tendency toward collectivism. It is also true that the mental processes of the radical and fascist are fundamentally the same and that both uphold collectivist principles as opposed to those of the separate individual. But the modern revolutionist does not seem to have grasped this similarity and in his frantic efforts to produce a change—no matter what kind—in the social order he completely ignores the effect his methods will have on the ultimate principles for which he is fighting. He is generally concerned merely with the "revolution," disregarding the individualistic values which have always been a vital and fundamental influence in all civilized communities; he cannot see—and seldom wants to—the wood for the trees.

Economic forces are doubtless the most influential factor in producing a collectivist society, whether it assumes the form of communism, fascism, or Marxism; all are the same so far as collectivism is concerned. Should the present economic situation in England and the United States approach a crisis, Mr. Krutch's apprehensions of our entering upon a new Middle Ages may be realized to a greater degree than we have ever imagined possible.

Siasconset, Mass., September 12 MORGAN WORTHY

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I want to speak for a moment of Joseph Wood Krutch's recent articles on Europe. They seem to me about the last word on this crucial and fundamental matter—brilliantly and profoundly thought out and faultlessly expressed. Couldn't you make at least a pamphlet of them? I venture, seeing that my necessities and tastes have in recent years sent me far afield in my studies, this footnote. What Mr. Krutch calls European man is man, *tout court*. It is the man of the Upanishads and of Lao-tze; it is, above all, the man of the Talmudim and Midrashim; it is eternal man.

Burlington, Vt., September 6 LUDWIG LEWISOHN

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I find it difficult to restrain my enthusiasm in thanking you for the four splendid articles, Was Europe a Success? which Mr. Krutch recently wrote for *The Nation*. These papers came as a cooling mellow drink after a torrid summer day. *The Nation* for the last year has been so hysterical, so cruel in its cocksure and limited understanding of social phenomena, that I could hardly believe my own eyes when after reading these articles I turned back again to the cover and found that it was really *The Nation*.

The conventional notion that the struggle for power is between the capitalist class and the working class is sheer nonsense. Nor is this the first time in human history that this nonsense has passed for sociological analysis. The struggle between

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the bourgeois and the nobility was posed in the same fashion. The serfs were led to believe that they were fighting for themselves only and that their victory would result in their political and economic liberation. But as a matter of fact, when the smoke of battle had cleared, it was discovered that while the nobility had been dethroned, the serf had not acceded to power, but a new class, the bourgeoisie, had risen to control.

Exactly the same thing is involved in this struggle. This is the struggle not of the worker, but of the disinherited organizer, the disinherited intellectual, the disinherited commissar type, who will gain power and enslave the worker in a new fashion.

New York, September 7 ALEX L. HILLMAN

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

It would be worth while to subscribe to a magazine for a lifetime to read a series of articles like Mr. Krutch's Was Europe a Success? I found it enormously exciting to see the problem in so broad and comprehensive a way, and enormously satisfying to be reassured that the real liberal and Socialist position is a point of view rather than a mere compromise between two points of view, the radical and the conservative. Mr. Krutch could not be expected to give an actual solution; but he gives an idea and an aim that are at once clear and worth while, and to thank *The Nation* for that is to thank it for a great deal.

West End, N. J., September 7 BELLA KUSSY

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Let me congratulate you upon the excellent series, Was Europe a Success? which Mr. Krutch recently had in *The Nation.*

Auburn, N. Y., September 8 HARRY E. BARNES

And a Couple of Brickbats

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Alas, that you have permitted Mr. Krutch to step out of his role of dramatic critic to question the success of Europe. For years I have faithfully followed and admired his remarks on the theater as being the sanest and most incisively expressed opinions on that subject being written in America. But now that you have unwisely allowed him to reveal his timidities and effeminate fears so nakedly I cannot respect him any longer in any capacity.

Poor frightened Mr. Krutch, quaking under an attack of jitters which he passes off as those of a hypothetical liberal intellectual. Can it be that the only function of a liberal intellectual today is to view with alarm? One blushes for the unrestrained exhibitionism of his high-voiced cries. . . .

Was the European man a success? Mr. Krutch admits that politically and physically he was not, but he triumphantly points out that from the great squalor and cruelty and misery in which European man has lived there has come a little pearl of great price—the body of European philosophy and science and art: a delicious caviar for the delectation of a few rare spirits like Mr. Krutch. It is distressing but true that there would no longer be anything distinguished about caviar if it became as widely consumed as bread itself. The masses spoil the beauty of the parks and everything they are allowed to touch!

I don't blame Mr. Krutch for not having "any enthusiasm for a method of saving the world which begins by destroying him and his kind," but there are two things he might do: he might try to persuade everybody to preserve the world as it is—or rather, as it "used to be" in good old days which never really existed—for the sake of that small band of exotics made up of himself and his kind, which was his purpose in writing his series on Europe; or he might try to drop his torturing fears and become another kind, become a man.

New York, September 15 HERBERT HOAN

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the first of his three articles Was Europe a Success? Mr. Krutch makes so many glaring errors and establishes the approach to his subject on a basis that is so fictitious and confused that he invalidates whatever subsequent conclusion he might make. When he writes about the destruction of European sensibility, he implies the effacement of the way men react in Europe to literature, art, philosophy, medicine, music, and the like. And when he says that the Russian project depends on the destruction of European culture and the creation of a new man, he asserts that the Russian project will be successful only in so far as it succeeds in removing all European culture and sensibility from its people; for collectivism, according to Mr. Krutch, is incompatible with liberty, individuality, and sensitiveness, as Europeans know them. Therefore the facts that more Shakespearean drama is being produced in the Soviet Union than anywhere else in the world; that more editions of the greatest European authors are published in Russia than in their native lands; that the heritage of physics, medicine, and all the other sciences is not only accepted but used as a springboard to further advances; that Goethe's anniversary was enthusiastically celebrated there; that the Russians react not one whit differently from the Europeans to the compositions of Bach, Debussy, Haydn, Sullivan, and others; and, finally, that collectivism is proving eminently successful there—these facts must disprove Mr. Krutch's assumptions.

Krutch's European man, the result of Europe's heritage, is actually a composite of Hitler, Mann, Thyssen, Dollfuss, Lenin, Hindenburg, King George, a Lancashire mill worker, Rolland, Gorki, Mussolini, MacDonald, an Apache, and so on; and as such, what meaning can he possibly have in the light of Krutch's definition of the radical?

New York, September 1 JOHN ROBERTS

The Centralia Case Again

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Ray Becker, the last of the Centralia defendants, has written to the International Juridical Association urging us to put his case before the public once again. After more than fourteen years in jail for a crime he did not commit he is making a last desperate effort to secure his freedom. It will be recalled that American legionnaires attacked the I. W. W. hall in Centralia and that Becker was among those found guilty of second-degree murder and sentenced to from twenty-five to forty years in jail. All the others have died or been released, by serving out their sentences or by commutation. Becker alone refused to accept a commutation and stood out for his right to be free and to establish his innocence. All indications are that the case against Becker was as complete a frame-up as the Mooney case.

Becker proposes to sue out a writ of habeas corpus claiming that his continued imprisonment is an unconstitutional denial of due process of law in view of the fact that his trial was so unfair and mob-dominated as to be a trial in form only. This effort to secure his freedom by habeas corpus must necessarily be a difficult and expensive procedure. Becker is without funds. He is sure that there must be among your readers individuals who could be of great assistance to him in his present emergency. He asks that they communicate directly with him: Ray Becker, No. 9413, Box 520, Walla Walla, Washington.

New York, September 13 CAROL CAMP, Secretary

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Sea Tragedies—1842-1934

To the Editors of The Nation:

After the Vestris disaster in 1928 there was much crystal-gazing, table-rapping, and ouija-board reading by fact-finding investigations, but Congress passed no effective legislation to prevent a recurrence of such a tragedy. Now we have the bitter lesson of the Morro Castle.

I should like to mention the case of United States *vs.* Holmes (1842). This was an ocean tragedy of the ship William Brown, which ran into an iceberg in almost the same latitude and longitude as the Titanic, but seventy years earlier. The William Brown was carrying a total of eighty-one passengers and crew, but only two lifeboats—one small and the other large, neither properly equipped. The large lifeboat was burdened with forty-two people, although its capacity was only one-half that number. After it had been exposed to the most horrible perils of the sea, and in constant danger of capsizing, the mate ordered seventeen persons thrown overboard. Although that case is interesting as establishing the principle that there is no such "imperious necessity" as to justify human jettison, it is equally interesting for some of the newspaper comment. I therefore quote the following letter written to the New York *Evening Post* of April 27, 1842, as reprinted on page 262 of a fascinating book entitled "Human Jettison," by Frederick C. Hicks:

> As there is so much said of Holmes, the murderer, it is a pity the excitement should not produce some good results. I will not undertake to defend Holmes; he is guilty of murder. But is there no one else to blame? Do the public know that the boat in which this tragedy took place was a most miserably old and leaky affair? Is nothing to be said to the rich owners of the ship who, to save a few paltry dollars, subject those who take passage to a risk of life? Are they not to blame in the least? Will passengers ever look to their own safety and express their feelings loudly, or will they still disregard the long-neglected boat until they are trapped in some ship whose destination is to the bottom of the ocean and whose boats are like Holmes's old long-boat?

This was in 1842. The Vestris went down in 1928. Now the Morro Castle in 1934.

New York, September 22 Irving Berkelhammer

Liberalism in California

To the Editors of The Nation:

I have recently seen a statement in *The Nation* of August 15 to the effect that in Berkeley "liberal professors are terrorized with threats of expulsion," as a part of the California "red-hunt" occasioned by the San Francisco strike. Presumably the University of California is referred to in this statement, and if so, the statement is misleading in so far as it implies that the university administration has attempted to coerce or "terrorize" members of the faculty. Careful inquiry has failed to disclose any interference on the part of the university administration with the academic freedom of any member of the faculty. Indeed, the president of the university has upon more than one occasion formulated the principles of academic freedom in such manner as to remove any fear that the university will cease to be a seat of untrammeled and disinterested inquiry and instruction.

Berkeley, Cal., September 17 George P. Adams,
Professor of Philosophy

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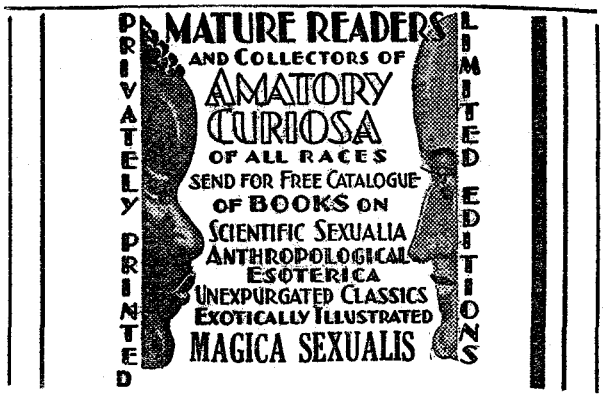

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Labor and Industry

Women and Wages

By ALMA LUTZ

WILL labor legislation which links women with children benefit women and solve the low-wage problem? The question has been brought to the fore once more by the compact entered into recently by seven northeastern industrial States—Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Pennsylvania. The compact would regulate the minimum wages paid women and children and will become effective when ratified by the legislatures of the seven States and sanctioned by Congress. It provides specifically that "no employer shall pay a woman or a minor under twenty-one years of age an unfair or oppressive wage." Enforcement is put in the hands of minimum-wage boards in each State, which are to investigate the wages of women and minors, recommend fair wages, hold public hearings, and finally enter directory orders regarding minimum wages and see that they are carried out. These orders can be made mandatory after a public hearing, and then employers violating them are liable to fine, imprisonment, or both.

This compact will undoubtedly set an important precedent. Is it fair to the women it presumes to help? Welfare workers and members of the American Federation of Labor hail it as a triumph in social legislation. Employers look upon it as relief from cutthroat competition. But women workers are divided into two camps—those who have been led to believe that because they are women they need special labor legislation to protect them, and those who, either through experience or the ability to think the matter through, realize that laws which put them in a special labor class will hamper them in getting and holding jobs and keep their wages low.

In the first place, the compact classes women with minors under twenty-one. This at once stamps them as inferior workers and puts them in a low-wage class, although women, many of them highly skilled, form an essential part of our economic system. It also clouds the issue of child labor, for the problems of children as workers are totally different from those of adult women.

The campaign for minimum-wage legislation for women and children in this country was initiated in 1912 when women were not enfranchised and were classed with children. Today woman's status is totally changed. She is fully enfranchised, and one of her constitutional rights is that labor legislation shall not restrict her freedom of contract any more than it restricts that of a man under similar circumstances. This right was upheld by a decision of the United States Supreme Court in 1923, which made ineffective the minimum-wage laws existing in various States. The low wages of the past few years and the tendency to exploit labor while millions were clamoring for work aroused a renewed interest in minimum-wage legislation. Armed with a reworded bill which they hoped would get around the Supreme Court decision, the Consumers' League began a campaign which was supported by President Roosevelt, who recommended to governors of thirteen industrial States the passage of minimum-wage laws for women and children. As a result seven States passed such laws in 1933—New York, New Jersey, New Hampshire, Ohio, Connecticut, Utah, and Illinois; and in 1934 Massachusetts made its law mandatory.

In spite of this revival of interest in the minimum wage, it still is vigorously opposed by many, who maintain that the minimum wage always becomes the maximum and blocks high wages. The operation of the NRA codes has shown this to be true in many instances. Men have not been eager to have minimum-wage legislation apply to them because they have looked upon it as interfering with their right to contract. It is not surprising that women should feel the same way. When the seven northeastern industrial States were conferring regarding an interstate compact, Pennsylvania's representative, Charlotte Carr, Commissioner of Labor and Industries, is reported to have urged that men be included in the minimum-wage regulations. Her plea was opposed on the ground that organized labor is not in favor of minimum-wage limits for men. A smoke screen of sentimentality regarding the need of protecting the so-called weaker sex was sent out to cover up the fact that men's freedom from regulation enables them to undercut women who are bound by minimum-wage laws and that employers prefer to deal with workers who are unencumbered by legal restrictions. Take, for example, the following paragraph of the compact:

> Employers . . . shall be required to keep specified records including the names, addresses, occupations, hours, and wages of the women and minors in their employ; to permit the inspection and transcript of such records by the State administrative agency and its authorized representatives; and upon request to furnish said agency with a sworn statement of the same.

What employer will bother with such red tape to employ women when there are plenty of men to take their jobs at the same or even a lower wage?

In California, which has attempted to enforce a minimum-wage law since 1913, reports from reliable sources show that women have found it difficult to get employment because men and boys over eighteen were willing to work for wages lower than the minimum for women. In North Dakota employers notified the Minimum-Wage Department that rather than pay the required minimum they would discontinue employing women entirely and hire men. In dining-rooms and kitchens of hotels and cafes men and boys have been replacing women at an alarming rate although women are generally preferred for that work.

In Oregon the minimum wage for women working in canneries was 27½ cents an hour. Since men and boys could be hired for less, women were discriminated against. They petitioned the State Welfare Commission to reduce their wage scale to 22½ cents an hour so that they could compete with men. This was eventually done.

New York's minimum-wage law, passed in 1933 over the protest of many organizations of working women, was hailed by its sponsors as being the only means of stopping

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immediately the exploitation of women workers. It has been most ineffectually enforced. Starvation wages still obtain. Average earnings for women in New York City are as low as $9.93 a week, and in the rest of the State as low as $4.29. Laundry workers whose minimum wages were set by the State at 31 and 27½ cents an hour have been paid 13 and 15 cents. To improve conditions women laundry workers organized and went on a strike. Only recently has the minimum-wage order become mandatory. Now possibly enforcement will bear more weight, but inspectors are few. Laundry owners who wish to fall in line complain that competition is now coming from outside the industry, from maids, laundresses, and home basement laundries where the pay is seldom above 10 or 15 cents an hour. All this goes to show that however beneficent minimum-wage laws for women may appear in theory, they are difficult and expensive to enforce and they do not protect the interests of working women.

Practically every woman's organization today is asking for equal pay for equal work. They cannot expect this principle to be applied as long as some of them still ask for special legislation for women. The two are incompatible.

It is often argued that women need laws because they will not organize and protect themselves by bargaining for higher wages. When one considers the way women have been organized into clubs and what a power these clubs have wielded for civic and social betterment, such a statement loses force. The American Federation of Labor has few women in its organization. It has not encouraged their admittance on equal terms with men and has made few attempts to organize them. But there is every evidence that women could be successfully organized to protect their working interests and men's as well.

Minimum-wage rulings in the NRA codes have been used as propaganda for State legislation. The NRA rulings, however, do not class women and children together. They prohibit child labor and regulate the wages of both men and women. Although in many industries the minimum for women is unjustly and unfairly set lower than the minimum for men, at least the fact is recognized that, to be useful, minimum-wage schedules must apply to all adult workers.

Labor Notes

Against the Company Union

IN two precedent-making decisions recently handed down, the National Labor Relations Board continues to turn the theory of Section 7-a against company unions. First, the board has disqualified a company union—found to be established by coercion, discrimination, and bribery—from functioning as the collective-bargaining agency of the workers. Moreover, the employers in question—the North Carolina Granite Corporation and the J. D. Sargent Granite Company—have been ordered to "recognize" and "deal with" the Mount Airy branch of the Granite Cutters' International Association, until such time as their employees of their own free will designate some other representative. Second, the board has found that the Ely and Walker Dry Goods Company of St. Louis violated Section 7-a by refusing to deal in good faith with a trade union which represented the majority of its workers, by acting as a recruiting agency for a company union, and by giving financial support to the company union. Accordingly, the employer has been instructed to bargain with the trade union and to cease promoting and contributing funds to the company union. The granite-companies decision, which in effect disestablishes if it does not dissolve a company union, is based on the Supreme Court precedent in the case of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks *vs.* the Texas and New Orleans Railroad, decided under the Railway Labor Act of 1926. This is the first time, with the possible exception of the Petroleum Labor Board's ruling in the Magnolia Oil case, that any labor board has seen its way clear to applying the principle of the Railway Clerks' decision to the circumstances of a company-union controversy under Section 7-a. It is a wise and a courageous step forward, which refines the theory of Section 7-a far beyond the constructions read into it by the old National Labor Board. The Ely and Walker decision goes even farther in that it breaks the financial nexus between the employer and his company union. If this persisted it is doubtful that many employee-representation plans could long survive. In its ruling the board construes Section 7-a in the spirit of some of the most essential provisions of Senator Wagner's proposed Labor Disputes Act, and applies a principle which is expressly set forth in the 1934 version of the Railway Labor Act. How far anti-union employers will comply with the board's rulings is, of course, doubtful. And the board's power to enforce its rulings in the event of non-compliance must wait on the outcome of litigation now pending, that is, the suits which involve the Houde Engineering Corporation and the Ames Baldwin Wyoming Company.

Drug Clerks on Strike

WANTED: Pharmacist, registered, salary $14, state age, experience, religion.

THIS want ad, which appeared a few weeks ago in the New York *Times,* explains pretty adequately why a strike of drug clerks has been called in New York City. Drugstore employees form one of the most exploited classes of labor in the United States. At a time when nearly half their number are unemployed, drug clerks work from sixty-five to eighty hours a week. After several disastrous failures, they managed recently to organize more strongly than ever before into the independent Pharmacists' Union of Greater New York, which claims a membership of 1,600 and to all appearances means business. Tentative bargaining with the Pharmaceutical Conference, an employers' association, was broken off when it became obvious that the conference was merely stalling. The union demanded a fifty-four-hour week, with a minimum salary of $35 a week, union recognition, and the abolition of the deadly split shift. The conference countered with a sixty-hour week, at a $20 minimum for licensed employees, and ignored the other demands. Moreover, it hastened to add, this was not to be considered an offer but simply the conference's suggestion to affiliated drugstore owners. Properly scornful of such shilly-shallying, the Pharmacists' Union began to muster its forces for a strike. A referendum overwhelmingly authorized the general strike, and a rank-and-file strike committee was set up with headquarters in the Bronx. The present strike centers in that borough, where drugstore employees are 85 per cent organized. Public sympathy will be with the strikers. Drugstore owners themselves, for the most part, are inclined to concede the justice of the men's demands, but they plead their own sad plight. Admittedly, some small owners fare little better than their clerks, but the same argument could apply in behalf of sweatshops everywhere. Coolie hours and coolie wages for drug clerks degrade a responsible profession and menace public health. The NRA has disgraced itself by remaining coldly aloof.

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Fall Book Section

Malraux and the Individual

By LIONEL ABEL

EVERYONE agrees that for the most part the novels of the early twentieth-century masters were so many different negations of the reality of the individual. Whether Lawrence followed his characters to their sexual acts, proving that they touched the highest point of their sensibility when rejoining the species, whether Proust permitted his snobs to dissolve in the accidents of sensation, whether Mann established exact analogies between each variation of a supposed individual from the bourgeois norm and some organic disorder, the result was the same: the individual was denied meaning and dignity, individuality was adjudged a delusion or a disease. The novels of Lawrence, Proust, and Mann were thus negations of the novel; for the novel and the individual hang together. If individuality is the delusion of an organism, then psychiatry and medicine are the only techniques for evaluating human action. James Joyce admitted as much. In "Ulysses" he abandoned any attempt to conceive his characters in terms of an imaginative psychology, borrowing all that was necessary from psychoanalytic and behaviorist theories to make the acts and emotions of his characters comprehensible, and limiting his creative function to the words in which he described them. His characters are constructed of puns, metaphors, and neuroses: they are strangely galvanized and psychopathic words.

In all this Marxists see nothing but the decay of the bourgeois world. The bourgeois values are no longer creative, they say, and the corollary is that art and individuality are being recreated by the proletariat. Hence the novelists of the early twentieth century could leave us nothing but the complicated art of their negations.

In apparent support of this view emerges a novelist whose heroes are proletarian revolutionists, all individualized in a way the novel has not known since the days of Stendhal and Dostoevski. I refer to André Malraux. No one can have read "Man's Fate" without feeling that here at last is a contemporary novelist whose technique is *not* calculated to snuff out the aspirations of his characters to moral meaning and individuality. Are the Marxists correct? Has Malraux, the revolutionist, been able to justify that dearly cherished myth of individuality when most of the so-called bourgeois novelists have denied it? The solution of these questions would cast a ray of light, and a decisive light, on related problems that are of even greater import than the future of an art form. Will individuality be a value in the future world of socialism? Is it possible to be concerned with the imaginative order of one's acts without being a stranger within the proletariat? These questions, anguishingly difficult to answer, would lose much of terror if in the immediate collective action of revolution a novelist could demonstrate the role of individuality. And the authority of a novelist recording simply what he has seen would be more convincing than the most logical conceptual reconciliation of the individual and collective consciousness. For the novelist's criticism of life aspires, at least, to be life's criticism of itself. If Malraux shows us human beings taking part in the collective conflict none of us can escape, and yet finding in the chaos of revolutionary events the growth and perfection of their personal styles, then the questions I have posed are being answered, and answered affirmatively, by history: the revolution is recreating the individual.

At this point it is necessary to define what is meant by an individual. "Individuality," says Professor Dewey, "is a manner of distinctive sensitivity, selection, choice, response, and utilization of conditions. . . . It is a unique manner of acting in and with a world of objects." A human being can be said to be an individual if we agree to allow him his unique and distinctive manner, if we do not parcel this uniqueness into a series of causes and effects, if we regard it as its own explanation and its own good. In other words, a human being is an individual only by grace of the imagination that refuses to grind him into causal dust and regards him as a total explanation of himself. But the problem lies in this, that the imaginative cognition of the person offends today our science, our legal heritage, and our psychology. To my mind the ever-deepening despair running through the novels of Lawrence, Proust, Joyce, and Mann is in great measure due to their inability to find in bourgeois society any human beings corresponding to the myth of individuality that has grown up in the Western world; but this inability is due to the fact that they were seeking the individual with science. Their psychology told them that the testimony of the imagination was untrustworthy. And there is no other testimony either for the existence of such a thing as an individual or for the importance of individuality, if it could be said to exist. How then can a Communist politic, so intimately linked with modern science and psychology, recreate the individual? The point is important. For we are all both novelists and anti-novelists, individualists and anti-individualists. We do believe that the imaginative style of our acts ennobles and explains us, and yet we have little enough to nourish this belief. And while certain Marxists declare that the revolution will recreate the individual, they demand of us first to become anonymous.

Now Malraux has not only inherited the skepticism of the twentieth-century masters in regard to the reality of the individual, but undergone the influence of two forces that negate the individual entirely—the proletariat, to whom a man's ideology is infinitely more real than his personal style, and the wisdom of the Chinese, to which individuality and the desire for it are pure illusions, resultant from intoxication with self, trivial substitutes for opium. Significantly, Malraux's three published novels are laid in the East. Two of them, "Man's Fate" and "The Conquerors," deal with proletarian revolution. Thus his characters inhabit a world in which their desire for individuality can have meaning only to themselves, a world where the collective will is most powerful, where the landscape, the climate, the very air proclaim the nothingness of the person, where there is no individualistic art to proclaim his glory, where his life, death, and suffering are mainly statistical concerns. "Man's Fate,"

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the only novel of Malraux generally known to American readers, dramatizes the struggle of the collective and individual wills, a struggle which is taking place in every part of what we call the civilized world. But since Malraux has located his drama in revolution-torn China, to the pressure of the class struggle on the individual will is added the Eastern atmosphere of anonymity, the dead weight of centuries of collective ignominy. And yet right here Malraux depicts the triumph of the individual.

Let us recognize that in bourgeois society, even if our science and psychology forbid us to dream that we are ourselves, we have at least the *time* to do so. We have time to formulate our tastes and disgusts into a personal system which society cannot at once negate. The characters of "Man's Fate" have no time. If they want to dream, they must dream decisively. To be themselves they dare not delay to affirm themselves. They are conscripts in the class struggle, revolution and counter-revolution, subject to the terrorism of the international bourgeois opposition and to the impersonal decisions of the Comintern. Yet they constantly reflect on their actions and try to seize the significance of what they feel and do. Against the appalling impersonality of mass murder, they affirm the meaning of their personal styles with the fury of despair. Kyo, one of the leaders of the Shanghai insurrection, affirms his horror of human degradation in the police prison of Chiang Kai-shek by permitting an idiot jailer to knout his wrists. Thus he reassures himself, in the midst of the nauseating pathos of humiliated and shrieking flesh, of the reality of human dignity. Tchen, the terrorist, Chinese but tutored by a Calvinist missionary, having murdered a man for the Communist Party, transforms this murder into a part of his own person by proclaiming the spiritual necessity of terrorism, since now "only destruction could put him in accord with himself." He touches a sarcastic personal absolute of total pain when he hurls himself under the wheels of Chiang Kai-shek's automobile with a bomb (Chiang is not in the car). Of all the characters only Clappique, the buffoon, is without dignity, for Clappique pursues *only* his personal mania of caprice, the love of the accidental and absurd, and by devoting himself to escaping himself constantly evades his suffering. It takes no heroism for Clappique to imagine, and thus he can never be himself. If I am not falsifying Malraux's thought, this is his warning to the individual: It is easy and ignoble to believe in a personal myth if you evade the impersonal conflicts of society; it is easy and ignoble to be anonymous. His heroes are those who survive psychically the depersonalizing chaos of class conflict, just as the heroes of Conrad physically survive the terror of storm at sea. But the heroes of Malraux must aspire on two planes of reality, on the plane of the actual and the plane of the imagination.

The question I posed, Can one be concerned with the imaginative order of his acts without being a stranger within the proletariat? has already been answered. The loneliness of the romantic hero who deliberately divorces himself from society is not to be compared in profundity or pain to the desolate distinctness of the Shanghai insurrectionists, who, united against a common enemy as brothers in arms, hold on to their personal styles of human dignity, even though unable to communicate them except to themselves. Only the fittest to imagine can act as numerical members of a class and yet continue to recognize themselves.

Heroism on the plane of the imagination—to many this may seem a literary and superfluous value. But if revolution is for the sake of human dignity, if it is not merely an inevitable consequence of technological progress, in a word, if revolution is for the sake of men and not for the sake of history, then the will to know and recognize oneself, the will to have a name, a meaning, and destiny, should be inseparable from the movement of the proletariat toward its legitimate humanity. Fascism has already anaesthetized the individual against himself. Fascism, not formally but actually, has ushered him into anonymity.

Malraux's individualism consists in weaving into one self the mechanical actions of a mass man with the necessity to remain distinct and know oneself as such. If this were an impossible ideal—and Malraux has shown us men realizing it—we might expropriate the expropriators and make of society a lyric of equilibrium without anyone ever attending to the felicity of being a man.

The Conversion of André Gide

By WILLIAM TROY

IN 1925 André Gide, at the age of fifty-five, set out to realize a lifelong ambition to explore the region of the French Congo. Accompanied by a young disciple and an equipage of more than a hundred bearers, he began his journey, as he tells us in his journal, with the fullest expectation of "voluptuous delight, forgetfulness," enjoyment of blue skies and virgin forests. But almost on landing he met with certain things that produced on him a quite different effect. In the Ubangi country he saw "fifteen men and two women attached by the neck to a single rope . . . scarcely able to walk . . . escorted by two guards armed with five-thonged whips." He learned very soon that the colonial administration rules the blacks with an iron hand and that the French business concessions rule the administration. The sole function of the administration appears to be to keep a hundred and twenty thousand blacks in virtual slavery by means of terror, bloodshed, and coercion. The inhabitants of the villages are "mobilized," as they were in the war, and the lives of some seventeen thousand of them are calmly sacrificed to build a railway. If a black does not wish to work, he may starve, although the pay for gathering rubber in the forest is only ten francs a month. Sometimes the concessionaires themselves do not hesitate at force; and in one of the villages through which Gide passed, twenty natives had recently been tortured by agents of the great Forestière company. What added to Gide's shock and indignation was the simplicity, honesty, and friendliness of those members of the exploited population with whom he had any personal dealings. "So much devotion . . . so much good-will . . . and capability of affection, meeting almost always nothing but re-

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buffs . . . I feel here a whole suffering humanity, a poor, oppressed race."

On his return to Paris Gide allowed himself, for perhaps the first time in his career, to become engaged in the life of action. He brought all the presure of his reputation, and what political influence he had, to bear on the big colonial companies, managing after much controversy to secure some vague promises of reform. His two Congo journals were found more indiscreet by the authorities than the most scandalously intimate pages of his autobiography. But the most important consequence of his holiday expedition, from the standpoint both of his own career and of the present direction of literature, did not manifest itself until a few years later when, in various magazine articles, he announced a complete and passionate conversion to communism and with it an unqualified sympathy with the present regime in Russia. "I should like to cry, to cry aloud my sympathy for U. S. S. R., and have my voice heard; and that it should be of importance. I should like to live long enough to see the success of this tremendous effort, a success I long for with my whole soul, and for which I should like to be able to work. . . ."

To most readers in England and America this declaration is undoubtedly less startling than to the French public for whom Gide has been the symbol of moral and philosophical individualism for more than thirty years. Gide has never been popular in the Protestant Anglo-Saxon countries for the simple reason that the central principle of his thought, the acceptance of the individual authority in morals and religion, is so commonplace as to be hardly interesting. It is not to be expected, therefore, that this new development in his career should have anything like the significance in those countries that it has in France, where he has owed his distinction from the beginning to the fact that he is a Protestant writer in a Catholic country. But it will be found to have significance enough if we discover in his career another parable of the bankruptcy of romantic Protestant individualism as an attitude in modern literature.

To the French the writings of Gide have represented the ultimate application of the principle that the individual can be depended on to work out his own salvation without the assistance of any outside authority. Supplementing a Calvinist upbringing and education with a youthful immersion in Nietzsche, he very early managed to effect a curious reconciliation between an over-scrupulous moral conscience and the Dionysian ideal set up by his sensibility. Unlike Flaubert and Proust, Gide has always been principally concerned with morality and the moral aspects of every problem of life with which he has had to deal. It is to be recalled that where Proust, treating the phenomenon of homosexuality, is content to treat it as a malady, Gide is compelled, in "Corydon" and elsewhere, to offer a defense of it in terms which are distinctly moral and ethical. His special modification of Nietzsche consisted in the addition of the notion that the "transvaluation of values" was not only desirable but necessary—a kind of moral duty imposed on the individual by his conscience. Similarly, the public confession in "Si le Grain ne Meurt" was dictated, as Gide assured Edmund Gosse, by the dread of hypocrisy, the inveterate habit of honesty. In his assaults on traditional ideas and institutions it was always in the name of morality, his superior personal morality, that he addressed a scandalized bourgeois congregation. And the result was all the more disconcerting because he brought to the expression of his *immoralisme* a method and style which were reminiscent of the classical French moralists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His persuasiveness was that of a Protestant divine using the language of Buffon and Pascal to lead the youth of France to a complete emancipation from everything that might be understood by conventional moral conduct.

As for the Dionysian ideal that is proposed in the expansive pages of "Les Cahiers d'André Walter" and "Les Nourritures Terrestres," it is less and less clearly defined in his later works. The vision of the Promethean hero, triumphantly released from all bonds and purely spontaneous in his movements and behavior, condenses into the cruel and perverse figures of Lafcadio in "Les Caves du Vatican" and Bernard in "Les Faux-Monnayeurs." What had been, in the loose nineteenth-century sense, *positive* in his work becomes a purely negative indulgence in moral and social irresponsibility. The satanism with which Henri Massis and others charged him was more than the resentment of outraged orthodoxy. The transition from the intellectual justification of pleasure as a necessary condition of individual fulfilment to a predilection for that special form of pleasure which consists in doing injury to others is one that few nineteenth-century romantics avoided, as Mario Praz has recently demonstrated in "The Romantic Agony." In fact, it would seem that in Gide it is only through the so-called "gratuitous act" that the individual is able to become aware of himself at all. Lafcadio must push the harmless, long-suffering little provincial through the train window in order to assure himself of his complete freedom from hampering conventional restraints. In the end the individualism of Gide, with its unhappy misalliance between Protestant theology and nineteenth-century romanticism, leads to a dehumanization rather than a heroic realization of the individual.

Yet in a recent full-length study* which attempts to do for Gide what its author has already done so successfully for Proust, Léon Pierre-Quint calls attention to the presence in Gide's work of a quality which is much less often recognized than his perversity. The quality is in many respects an opposite, and it might be referred to as tenderness. If Gide is at times capable of the most brutal indifference toward his characters, he is also at times capable of an almost caressing sympathy in his treatment of certain problems of human love and suffering. The character of Emmanuéle in the autobiography, the pathetic idyl of the pastor and the blind girl in "La Symphonie Pastorale," the relationship between Olivier and Edouard in "Les Faux-Monnayeurs," are all rendered with a directness of emotional sympathy that one does not ordinarily associate with the name of Gide. The same novelist, Edouard or Gide, who has traced out the terrible story of little Boris's persecution and suicide decides in his journal not to use the incident in his book because there is "something peremptory, irrefutable, brutal, outrageously real" about it. The reason that he gives for its *indecency* is that he was not expecting it. But all the same there is an implied moral revulsion.

The purpose of recalling this occasional emergence of what might be called the human point of view in the most "satanic" of contemporary writers is to reduce a little the

* "André Gide: His Life and His Work." By Léon Pierre-Quint. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

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surprise that accompanies the news of his recent conversion. For the first thing that must strike us about this conversion is that it is a conversion in the strictest sense, that is to say, that it has occurred on the plane of the emotions rather than on that of the reason. It is based on intuition—on such an intuition, for example, as he has of the whole existence of the native boatman, Kara, who dies on the journey up river, and of whom he writes, "He leaves life without hope, and during his whole life he never had any certain hope of being able to earn more than one franc fifty per day." It is the intuition of misery and injustice on a scale such as he has never been able to imagine—"a whole suffering humanity"—that leads to that crystallization of thought and feeling which constitutes faith. That what Gide has arrived at is closer to faith than to logical conviction is admitted in one of the "Feuillets" published in the *Nouvelle Revue Française:* " 'Fifty per cent illusion,' they say, when it is a question of the confidence accorded to the U. S. S. R. As if that were not equally true for every love, for every *faith!*" Ramón Fernandez is quite right in making the distinction that what attracts Gide is not Marxism but communism, not the doctrine but the ideal. In communism his capacity for sympathy and devotion, which had been able to express itself only rarely and on the most disparate personal objects, becomes attached to a general intellectual belief. The movements of his sensibility become one and the same with the movements of his mind. This is perhaps the deepest significance of Gide's conversion, and the process by which it has been achieved is the surest guaranty of its authenticity. (It may be compared in this respect with such another recent conversion as that of T. S. Eliot, which inspires just about as much conviction as a blackboard demonstration in logic.) In his conversion Gide has given a lesson to the present generation in the only *method* of conversion that is possible and justifiable for the artist.

At the same time it would be wrong to leave a picture of Gide, a repentant bourgeois individualist, throwing himself at the foot of the Lenin mausoleum in a gesture of pure emotional abandonment. He has made the effort to reconcile his old principle with his new faith, his individualism with the conception of the collectivist state. The intellectual dilemma is embraced in two statements that he has made, the one in 1923 (quoted by M. Pierre-Quint), the other in 1930. "Political questions seem to me less important than social questions; social questions less . . . important than moral questions. It is fitting to blame institutions less than men, and . . . it is they, first and foremost, whose reform is of importance." "For the economic system, what is important to reform is man himself; and one will not reform the one without the other." Between these two statements lies the decision which everyone attempting to understand contemporary reality must make. If the decision that Gide has made takes on a momentous importance it is because no writer in our time has stood so long and so desperately for the method of reforming man by lifting him on his own boot-straps. His rejection of this method, represented by his conversion, marks the dramatic collapse of one whole movement in modern European literature. But the alternative to the attitude of sterile, negative, backbiting individualism is not, according to Gide, a complete submergence of the individual in the state. And the final formula with which he leaves us is the following: "Individualism, properly understood, should be *at the service of the community. . . .*"

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I Saw a Man in the Wind

By HORACE GREGORY

Through streets where crooked Wicklow flows
I saw a man with broken nose:
His venomous eyes turned full on me
And cursed the ancient poverty
That scarred his limbs and mired his clothes.

O cursed, wind-driven poverty
That breaks the man and mires his clothes.

Beyond the street, beyond the town,
Rose hill and tree and sea and down:
O drear and shadowy green ash-tree,
O hills that neither sleep nor rest
But are like waves in that dark sea
That rides the wind, nor'-east, nor'-west,
O cursed, wind-driven poverty!

Below the hill, below the town,
Deep, whispering voices everywhere
Break quiet in the morning air
And mount the skies to pierce the sun.

I saw the naked, cowering man
Shrink in the midnight of his eye,
There, to eat bitterness within,
And close the door and hide the sin
That made his withering heart run dry.
O venomous, dark, unceasing eye
That turned on street and town and me,
Between the waves of hill and sea
Until his eyelid closed the sky.

The rain-rilled, shaken, green ash-tree
Spread roots to gather him and me
In downward pull of earth that drains
The blood that empties through men's veins
Under the churchyard, under stone
Until the body lies alone
And will not wake: nor wind, nor sky
Bring sunlight into morning air
And breathe disquiet everywhere
Into the heart of hill and town.

O heart whose heart is like my own
And not to rest or sleep but climb
Wearily out of earth again
To feed again that venomous eye
That is the manhood of my time,
Whether at home or Wicklow town.

This is my street to walk again,
O cursed, wind-driven poverty,
I hear the coming of the rain.

Books

The Less Dismal Science

Freedom Versus Organization: 1814-1914. By Bertrand Russell. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

IT is nearly a century since political economy was derisively baptized "the dismal science." Not many persons now believe, as many did then, that the epithet effectively disposes of any claims which the science itself may make upon our attention, but there is still a considerable number to whom it appears a far from exhilarating subject, no matter how necessary it may be. One reason possibly is that Malthus and Bentham and the elder Mill were certainly dismal men. Even Marx himself was neither a very sprightly nor a particularly ingratiating person, and these facts are perhaps more important than at first sight they appear in explaining the defect of their various opinions. Each of these gentlemen succeeded in reducing himself to something much more like that abstraction "the economic man" than anyone except an economist either wants to become or is capable of being. One result was that the society to which each looked forward was a society in which only rather exceptionally bleak persons like themselves could expect to be very happy. Another and perhaps even more serious consequence was that their plans for reform were all based upon the assumption that mankind as a whole would discard as completely as they had—or thought they had—all irrational tastes and all the natural prejudices which generate a loyalty to our country, our culture, and our religion. One reason that the world has not moved as rapidly toward a scientific society as the political economists expected is that the world is less ruled by logic than they thought it was; another reason is that most people find the scientific society less attractive than it appears to those who describe it to them. And if this is true, then it follows quite clearly that the "dismal" character of philosophical radicals is a real and not merely a superficial defect. The personality of the surgeon who proposes to remove our appendix is not relevant; that of the philosopher who would prescribe the general atmosphere of our lives very distinctly is.

Now no one could accuse Bertrand Russell of lacking the human touch; and his long, substantial account of a whole century of politico-economic thought seen against the background of actual events is not only full of meat but amazingly sprightly as well—a true "intelligent man's guide" to a vast and tangled region. Essentially it is a very sober and closely packed volume. No one, I think, could accuse the author of sacrificing substance to picturesqueness, or truth to an epigram. Yet it is picturesque and it is epigrammatic because Mr. Russell—who does not despise even the lively anecdote—recognizes the importance of personality and temperament, and, to make a special example, sees as truly significant that element of rancor in the mental process of Karl Marx which has its influence even today upon the temper of Communist thinking. Surely a history of social developments which takes into account the influence of human weakness and prejudice is far more "scientific" than one which pretends for the sake of simplicity that such influence does not exist, and surely the sociologist who refuses to recognize it is as absurd as a physicist who would refuse to acknowledge certain properties of matter because they complicate to an uncomfortable extent his account of phenomena.

Mr. Russell is usually described as a liberal, and such, in the most general sense of the word, he is. For the official political philosophy of doctrinaire liberalism he has, however, scant respect, since he sees it as based ultimately upon a Rousseauesque belief in innate goodness, perfectibility, and inevitable progress which, in practice, has led to nothing except romantic national-

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ism. Malthus, Ricardo, and Bentham are, on the contrary, the real founders of a sound political economy. It is true that their hard-headed logic led these perfectly sincere and genuinely well-meaning men to the rather unexpected conclusion that unrestrained selfishness generated the greatest happiness for the greatest number and that the best of all possible societies was, unfortunately, one in which the vast majority of human beings were condemned to unremitting labor for which they received just sufficient to keep them from starvation. Nevertheless, Marx owed a great deal to them, and when he showed that the interests of classes were not, as the Benthamites believed, in harmony but in conflict, he could draw conclusions diametrically opposed to theirs.

Mr. Russell is, then, a Marxian, if that title may be applied to one who, though very far from accepting the whole system of Marx, believes that Marx discovered a crucial truth upon the recognition of which depends the possibility of constructing a better society. For Marxism as a dogma which must be taken whole or not at all he has, on the other hand, little use, and for the religion of the various Communist sects he has still less. "Dialectical materialism" he regards as an unholy alliance between an outdated metaphysic and an exploded scientific theory of the nature of reality, and Marxism as a philosophy of history seems to him a rather futile attempt to explain exclusively in terms of economics certain phenomena of which the causes are multiple. What is, perhaps, even more orthodox, he concludes that the "enemy" in modern society is not capital as such but monopoly—of capital and of other sources of power.

Mr. Russell does not state very specifically either what he believes the course of the immediate future will be or what he would like to see it. His book is first of all narrative and expository. It is critical to a slightly less degree and prophetic least of all. Apparently he looks with no great delight at the prospects of revolution, partly, perhaps, because he is not unaware of the usual fate of eclectics like himself in revolutionary times, partly because he doubts whether the revolution could succeed without enlisting the aid of the vast body of technical experts whom at present the revolutionists can hardly count upon, and, finally, because of the influence of Marx himself. "Unfortunately, much of what was least admirable in his disposition has been copied by his followers. One cannot but feel that any war waged in such a spirit must, if successful, lead to a peace as disastrous as that of Versailles. Hatred, indulged beyond a point, becomes a habit, and must seek perpetually new victims." Watchman, what of the night? Has, then, Mr. Russell nothing more cheerful to offer than the remark which he made in *The Nation* two weeks ago: "Though this is a mere guess, I still think it probable that within another century or two mankind will achieve a new stability in which there will be a higher lever of average well-being than has yet existed"?

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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the same broad principle that King Henry the Eighth married, pretty much everyone within sight, while somewhere in the immediate neighborhood Nimrod was hunting, and William Tell shot at apples, and Nero combined music with arson. . . . We cherish also each attribute of these proverbial beings, remembering no less reverently the mark of Cain than the coats of Joseph and Prince Albert, the line of Messrs. Mason and Dixon, and the locker of Davy Jones. We recall daily that Œdipus had a complex, Job a comforter (in addition to a blue turkey hen), Titian a blonde, Juliet a balcony, Bright a disease, and Monroe a doctrine." Mr. Cabell estimates that there are two hundred persons who have each contributed to our language a familiar allusion, and it is they who are "actually and forever famous. Down 'the great Mississippi of falsehood' they sail statelily, a multi-colored and a bewilderingly mixed crew, enlisted from all lands, all eras; and all traveling in the same huge gleaming galleon of romance."

Mr. Cabell has long been interested in what living men do with the dead. "The Silver Stallion" was not only the history of one legend, that of Manuel of Poictesme, but the whole history of legends in general. Manuel was what he was. He was remembered as certain survivors wanted him to be remembered. They molded his memory into an edifying figure and set it up on a high place to be admired and imitated. Mr. Cabell does not seriously object. He holds that such manipulations may do much good. Romancing and moralizing often amount to the same thing. He is amused by the legendary process. His "Ladies and Gentlemen" is made up of twenty variations on this favorite theme.

In open letters to the dead originals he tells them what has become of them. Some of them have fallen into the hands of poets. Hamlet, King of Jutland, a resolute and active man, has been made into the very image of indecision. Sir John Falstaff, a good soldier and a respectable citizen, survives as a coward, a wencher, a wastrel, and a drunkard—and as immortality's darling. Thanks to Marlowe, Tamburlaine has an enduring rank among heroes which Timur the Splendid has lost. Thanks to Marlowe and Goethe and Gounod, Faust is the tenor of a tedious opera. With or without poets, strange things have happened to the immortals. Jonah is "a Jonah." Julius Caesar, "lordliest of all humankind," is merely the author of the "not even true statement that all Gaul is divided into three parts." The Marquise de Pompadour persists as the name of an obsolete coiffure. Tutankhamen died in Egypt that he might live again in the Sunday papers. John Wilkes Booth, by killing Lincoln at the height of his renown, helped make his victim a messiah and made himself one of "America's creative spirits."

And Pocahontas. Not until after she was dead, Mr. Cabell tells her, did John Smith relate the story of her saving him. Possibly it was true, but certainly it was like any number of classic stories about heroes who in foreign countries win the love of kings' daughters and so are protected from the anger of the kings. Smith's story may even have come, Mr. Cabell ingeniously suggests, from "The Tempest," then recent and popular, in which Ferdinand, shipwrecked presumably somewhere in America, had been protected by Miranda from the anger, however pretended, of Prospero. "I would not press this suggestion, beyond saying that in Shakespearean criticism I have encountered a great many suggestions which seemed to me by an infinite deal wilder. And it is heart-warming to imagine that, with an honesty unusual among our foreign debtors, the Miranda whom Shakespeare borrowed from America has been duly returned to her native mythology, in the form of Pocahontas."

More than a few of Mr. Cabell's readers have a special liking and preference for "The Silver Stallion." "Ladies and Gentlemen" is another ironical, deft, enlivening book particularly for them.

CARL VAN DOREN

The New Webster

Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language. Edited by William Allan Neilson, Thomas A. Knott, and Paul W. Carhart. The G. and C. Merriam Company. $20.

PERHAPS the best way to describe this new Webster is to compare it to the first edition ever brought out by the present publishers. The latter appeared in 1847, four years after Webster's death, and was edited by his son-in-law, Professor Chauncey A. Goodrich of Yale. It ran to 1,452 pages, listed about 100,000 words, and weighed a trifle more than seven pounds. The new edition has 3,210 pages, lists 600,000 words and phrases, and weighs an even eighteen pounds. So we now have two-and-a-fifth times as many pages as aforetime, six times as many words, and two-and-a-half times as much white paper.

Goodrich, following the example of the Great Lexicographer, did his editing single-handed, though he was careful to say in his preface that he had consulted "other members of the family" and "Dr. Webster's legal representatives" from time to time. But Drs. Neilson, Knott, and Carhart had the aid of a Brain Trust almost as large as the Harvard faculty, and the portraits of more than a hundred of its members are printed in witness thereof. It might have been more judicious to omit these portraits, for the learned are seldom pretty fellows, and in many cases their appearance tends to discourage a love of study in the young.

The plan of the new Webster is extremely simple. The underlying idea is to save the reader as much trouble as possible, and to that end every word, including all the commoner derivatives, has an entry of its own. There is no grouping, as in the Concise Oxford and other such smaller dictionaries, and hence no need for searching. For example, consider the stem *south*. In the Concise Oxford it and its derivatives have but 7 separate entries, in the 1847 Webster they have but 26, and even in the great Oxford Dictionary they have but 58, but in this new Webster they have 131. Certainly this facilitates use. One does not find *Southdown, south-southwest,* and *southeasterly* hidden under *south,* as in the Concise Oxford, but in their own places.

The system, of course, has its defects. In the case of a word with many derivatives the list becomes of formidable length, and the hurried seeker may find it almost as baffling as the Concise Oxford's huddled and excessively abbreviated groups. Moreover, the lexicographer, having the purpose before him of breaking down his material as much as possible, is tempted to pile up a tremendous vocabulary, and the result in the present case is the inclusion of many terms that are hardly worth the space they occupy. Why should there be an entry, for example, for *American sarsaparilla*? There is, in fact, no kind of wild sarsaparilla save the American, and it is known everywhere simply as the sarsaparilla. No one would ever look for it under *American.* Worse, this multiplication of derivatives, however industriously carried out, must always be incomplete, especially in the field of proper names. I find, for example, the *American Academy of Arts and Letters,* but not the *American League;* the *American Blue Cross Society,* but not the *American National Red Cross;* the *American mortality table* and the *American sneezewort,* but not *American spelling.*

The arrangement of the page in the new Webster is good, the type is clear, and the printing and binding defy cavil. The etymologies are brief, and seem to be in accord with the latest researches and speculations of philological astrology. Old Noah, in his original dictionary, made a great show of his learning, and sprinkled his pages with Greek, Hebrew, and even Persian

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analogues, but now most of this learning is known to have been bogus, and the new Webster gets rid of the last vestiges of it. Its method of indicating pronunciation is simple, and the reader is not harassed with strange phonological characters. A few marks suffice, and their significance is shown by everyday examples along the bottom of the page.

The spelling preferred, of course, is the American, but in most cases the English form is also given. Unfortunately, there is seldom any indication that the latter is English, and so the untutored reader may wonder why it is given at all. In the case of such doublets as *tire-tyre, story-storey,* and *annex-annexe* the English form is either omitted altogether or not noted as English, which may also leave many a reader puzzled. Most of the fantastic monstrosities of Simplified Spelling are omitted, but *thoro* is there—with a note saying waggishly that it is obsolete except in dialect. I also find *thon,* which has been struggling for recognition as a neuter pronoun of the third person for many years, and always failing to win its way. Most of Noah Webster's private pets—for example, *eg, cag, iland, fether, hed, groop,* and *relm*—are happily *non est.*

In so huge a work there are bound to be errors and omissions. I turn the pages at random and list a few. *Trinitarian* is capitalized, but *Trinity* in the sense of a triune God is not—a slip that is sure to upset the League of Decency. *Licensed victualler* is not marked as a Briticism, though it is quite unknown in the United States. The *N. R. A.* and the *N. E. P.* are listed and defined, but not the *Brain Trust. Aspirin* and *mercurochrome* are there, but not *coca-cola.* There are plenty of current slang words—for example, *bushwa, bull, jitters, willies,* and *whoopee*—but I can't find *bullfest, nurts, pulp-magazine, heel* (in the opprobrious sense), *bathtub gin, baloney dollar,* or *lizzie* (in either sense). There is no etymology for *Kiwanis* and that given for *realtor* is defective. *Movieland* is there, but not *movie-cathedral.* The whole vocabulary of the Freudian necromancers is admitted, along with *sexy, sexology,* and *sex appeal,* but the *Sex Boys* seem to have been overlooked. There are a few illustrative quotations, but they are not numerous enough to be of much utility. They are not dated, and give authors without works.

Thus room remains for another revision—a perennial fact in the life of dictionaries. But the new Webster certainly comes close enough to completeness to be a very useful work. It is the fruit of a really tremendous labor, and the occasions on which it will fail the average user are likely to be so few that he will scarcely notice them.

H. L. MENCKEN

Epic Art

Salvation. By Sholem Asch. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. G. P. Putnam's sons. $2.50.

PRECISELY as the forms of English verse tended to crumble after Chaucer, so today the art of narrative is tending to break down. Much that is known as innovation in the immediate forms of fiction is really disintegration of form due to disintegration of vision. For *forms* change but not *form,* which in the art of narrative, for instance, has remained essentially the same from Genesis and the "Odyssey" to "Of Human Bondage" and "The Magic Mountain." In brief: visions change but not the fact that the high artist is a man who communicates a vision of the sum of things.

Such an artist is Sholem Asch. He knows exactly—artistically and mystically, of course, and not by doctrines or formulas—where he stands between earth and sky; he knows exactly what permanent perceptions and cognitions make up his life and the essential life of his people. Therefore, deep-rooted in the old remote folk-life of that people in Polish villages, and using

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an idiom which he has to invent as he goes along, he writes epics for all the world.

This was clear enough in "Three Cities." In "Salvation" the foundations are laid bare and the vision is directly communicated. The story is the story of a saint. And that saint Jechiel is a Jew and hence saint is really a wrong word and should be changed for righteous man. And the period is a hundred years ago and the place a Polish village. All the details are of an incomparable concreteness and immediacy of knowledge. And yet this saint is a saint for all the world; his love of his fellow-men is the love that has moved good men in all ages and among all races; his mystical communion with the source and sum of things is not different from that attained in their highest reaches by other men of other races. Therefore the book is universal by very virtue of its enormous concreteness and particularity and a masterly piece of narrative art by virtue of the steady particular vision which is an angle or aspect of a universal one.

I offer these theoretical considerations because they confirm an important and neglected truth, and hasten to add that "Salvation" is from any point of view a beautiful and deeply moving novel—beautiful and moving primarily, as all fine novels are, through the creation, not analysis, of characters. Not only are Jechiel himself and his father and mother and the innkeeper unforgettable, as well as many quite minor characters —always the proof of great creative vision—but also and especially the Poles, the decaying magnate Wydawski, the peasant Poor Thaddaeus in whom the revolt of the masses is more profoundly symbolized than in tons of proletarian fiction, and the priest who struggles with his God, even as Jechiel struggles with *his* in that final and tragic conflict over poor little Reisel's soul. The living novelists who could write such a book as this are extremely few and the reasons are those that I stated to begin with: art needs a profound integration of the artist's self *with* itself and with the world; it needs to look beyond its moment into time, and beyond fashion, however apparently compelling, into the permanent.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

An Admirable Biography

James G. Blaine. A Political Idol of Other Days. By David Saville Muzzey. Dodd, Mead and Company. $4.

THIS is biography at its very best. Professor Muzzey has given us an admirably detached and generally judicious volume; he has plainly tried to make it entirely so. It is delightfully written and well documented. The narrative flows steadily on and is of absorbing interest. It is not too much interrupted by the necessary historical background, yet it is about the best compact history now extant of the United States during Blaine's active life. Moreover, it fills a real need for an unbiased life of Blaine. The eulogistic ones long ago discounted themselves, and Charles Edward Russell's "Blaine of Maine" was obviously written from a limited and biased point of view. Professor Muzzey's book will not be displaced for a long time, and it will be invaluable to every teacher of modern American history.

So rapidly has Blaine faded out of American political consciousness that Professor Muzzey thinks it almost necessary to offer an apology for dealing with him. Yet as this biography clearly brings out, few men in our political life ever had a more passionate or more devoted following and one that could not be alienated by the never-ending charges of personal corruption against which Blaine defended himself with great but unconvincing skill. Professor Muzzey has dealt with this unhappy phase of Blaine's career at length and has properly allowed for the low ethical standards which distinguished Washington life during Blaine's years in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. His verdict is that Blaine was not dishonest in his dealings with Warren Fisher, that he did not prostitute his position as Speaker of the House to secure favors for the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, and that he did not try to ruin others in order to save himself. But Professor Muzzey, no more than anyone else, denies that it was a calamity from every point of view that he went into Fisher's speculative enterprises and into other railroad promotions when holding high office.

The truth is that Blaine was open-hearted and generous; that he loved to live well and keep not one but two large homes, to entertain a good deal, and generally play the role of the rich and prosperous statesman. Having no inherited wealth, and his salaries in office being as small as they were, he was driven to every sort of stratagem to make a lot of money quickly, including constant stock-market gambling and railroad promotion. That many of these transactions were shady even if they did not constitute malfeasance in office is true. In at least one case he boldly offered his influence for sale; whether one could differentiate between his personal and private influence and that which adhered to him as Speaker of the House is dubious. Professor Muzzey gives him the benefit of every doubt and has treated him as leniently as possible. Yet in his text he has made a much stronger case against Blaine than he admits in his final summary. But it is a pleasure to recognize that he has done his best to live up to what he rightly considers the duty of the biographer of a public man: to abjure "equally the spirit of adulation and of denigration, to portray the facts of his life with as complete fidelity as possible," so that "posterity may judge fairly the value of his policies and achievements."

Professor Muzzey also takes a more favorable view of Blaine's foreign policy than would be possible for an ex-editor of *The Nation,* which journal's bitter opposition to Blaine, its convinced belief in his venality, and its views he cites no less than seventeen times. He feels that Blaine's Latin American policy is his first claim to remembrance; that Blaine was the author of the idea of transforming the Monroe Doctrine into pan-Americanism—and he seems to approve of Blaine's urging the retention of the Hawaiian Islands and our keeping a foothold in Samoa. All in all, he thinks Blaine should not be forgotten, but rather remembered as one who, as Elihu Root put it, "united to the art of the politician the vision of the statesman." But he does not, it seems to me, adequately measure the effect of Blaine's methods, his shirt-sleeve diplomacy, his frequent unnecessary roughness of approach in his desire to create "a spirited American policy." If in some cases the responsibility lay elsewhere, the net result of the Blaine methods was often to arouse anger, fear, and ill-will and keep us in constant hot water. That he thought the United States ought to tie up to the Americas and bring about a pan-American cooperation is to his credit, and so are his labors for tariff reciprocity. But the truth is that Blaine's diplomacy helped much to create the spirit of imperialism and conquest which led us into our big-navy folly, our Venezuelan mess, our needless war with Spain, our murdering of the Filipinos, our playing the bully in the Caribbean, and finally the supreme folly of our fighting a war in Europe. Here again it seems to me that Professor Muzzey soft-pedals; I suspect he likes the idea of the United States as a world busybody, which he calls "the drama of the United States as a world power," just as if it were not that in Blaine's day and before. On the other hand Professor Muzzey points out that the key to Blaine lies in the words "party devotion." Blaine, he says, "found it difficult to find anything reprehensible in measures which advanced the interests of the Republican Party." For him, his life and his country's were bound up in that organization, which could do no wrong.

The book has the usual typographical errors one now comes to regard as inevitable even in the best books. But Moorfield

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Storey should not be Morefield Storey five times and there is no necessity for printing twice Charles Edward Russell's absurd characterization of Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress" or for other repetitions. The index, too, is quite inadequate. But these slight blemishes do not hide the fact that the author has done an extremely fine piece of work.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The New Deal from Many Angles

A Short History of the New Deal. By Louis M. Hacker. F. S. Crofts and Company. $1.75.

Challenge to the New Deal. Edited by Alfred M. Bingham and Selden Rodman. Falcon Press. $2.50.

Without Gloves. By Frank R. Kent. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

Roosevelt versus Recovery. By Ralph Robey. Harper and Brothers. $2.

THE New Deal has now been in operation for more than a year. Certainly it is not unfair to the Roosevelt Administration to offer at least preliminary appraisals of the program it has sponsored and set in operation. It is possible that the President may modify it radically. But if he does, it will no longer be the New Deal of 1933. In these four books the New Deal is surveyed and assessed from points of view which run all the way from communism to irreconcilable toryism.

Mr. Hacker is the coauthor of the best one-volume history of the United States since the Civil War. Therefore he has an ideal preparation for appraising the New Deal as the latest stage in American history. His present brief book may, indeed, be regarded as a sort of continuation of the larger history, and it is incomparably the best survey of the Roosevelt Administration in print. It offers both a clear factual survey and an intelligent interpretation of what has happened since March, 1933.

It is Mr. Hacker's thesis that the New Deal is neither revolutionary nor counter-revolutionary in its nature. It is an evasion rather than a solution of the class struggle in the United States. It is roughly akin, though probably unconsciously so, to French *solidarisme*. The underlying theory is that all Americans are to be just one big, happy family as the result of the balancing of class interests. Mr. Hacker holds that Roosevelt has not been able to realize this high and noble aspiration, and is inclined to think that neither the President nor anyone else could achieve success with such a plan for the solution of our social ills. He concedes to Roosevelt our rescue from immediate collapse, the patching of some of the more obvious holes in the capitalistic roof, and the curbing of some of the more overt forms of financial piracy. But big business exerts even more effective control over its own operations than it did in 1933, and the effort to balance the interests of capital and labor have thus far mainly favored capital.

Mr. Hacker does not believe that the country will turn immediately to either fascism or communism. The outcome of the New Deal will not be social justice or prosperity. Unwilling to secure the latter through insistence upon a just division of the social income and adequate mass purchasing power, we are likely to make another and final splurge in the field of industrial and financial imperialism, with war as an almost inevitable result. Such are Mr. Hacker's somewhat pessimistic but highly realistic conclusions.

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together here in book form some of the more important articles which have appeared therein in the last two years. The collection constitutes a challenge indeed to the New Deal. It is the kind of challenge, moreover, which is entitled to the respect of honest and intelligent men. The great majority of the writers wish Mr. Roosevelt well in any effort to advance social justice in the United States. They criticize him not because he has abandoned the tories but because he has not gone along resolutely in his efforts to promote human betterment in the United States. It is realistic criticism from reasonable left-wing opinion, pointing out the more fatal and flagrant weaknesses of the Roosevelt program. Perhaps the most striking thing about the book is the telling emphasis it lays upon the great gulf between what Mr. Roosevelt might have done, even within the framework of capitalism, and what he has actually achieved.

The writers in this symposium pick the beam out of the eye of the New Deal with great thoroughness and adroitness. But they leave a conspicuous mote in their own eyes. One might fairly ask the question whether the more than a score of able contributors to this volume could have done as well as Mr. Roosevelt has done if they had been in a position of authority in the country since 1932. Any honest man would have to admit that in spite of their intelligent criticism they would have made a sorrier mess of it than have Roosevelt, Johnson, Richberg, *et al.* Representing as they do advanced liberals, Communists, Socialists, hybrids like Upton Sinclair, Farmer-Laborites, sponsors of the League for Independent Political Action, Technocrats, and even others, they would have wasted their time and talents in back-stabbing and head-breaking over minor differences of creed and policy. Yet these are assuredly the type of men who must build the new America if we are to have one fit for civilized citizens. It is high time that those of the left should submerge their minor differences in a common devotion to an effective program of social reconstruction. Sooner or later they are bound to get the United States dumped into their laps as the result of the collapse of an inept capitalism. If, when faced with this great responsibility and opportunity, they can offer us nothing more than undignified wrangling among themselves, they will forfeit the opportunity of the ages.

His publishers inform the reader that "Frank R. Kent is generally considered the best-informed writer on politics in America." One need not be disposed to question this assertion, but one can certainly suggest with fairness that Mr. Kent has of late made notoriously poor use of his great talents and wide knowledge. In the days of his "Great Game of Politics" Mr. Kent was a supreme realist. But he later fell for Hoover, and few men who have done so have ever completely regained their intellectual integrity. The present volume is made up mainly of Mr. Kent's daily letters from Washington to the Baltimore *Sun* dealing with the state of the nation. The book as a whole is a collection of very clever and entertaining satirical snarls at the alleged bureaucracy and wastes of the New Deal. Mr. Kent is especially full of asperity for Moley, Tugwell, and other members of the original Brain Trust.

A fundamentally faulty logic runs through the whole book. Mr. Kent fails completely to face the question of what else there is in the field besides the New Deal to enlist the loyalty of a man with his own economic and political perspective. If we do not support Roosevelt we have the alternatives of: (1) bourbon Republicanism and the fade-out of capitalism; (2) fascism and more bureaucracy; or (3) economic radicalism. Mr. Kent has no real hospitality for any of them. Roosevelt is the only hope for men of Kent's class, and he should hold up the President's hand. Criticism of the New Deal by fascists or radicals may not always be wise or just, but it certainly has some logical foundation. Roosevelt is the hope of the liberals, if they have any hope. One of Mr. Kent's articles is worthy, however, of reading and rereading. This is one entitled The Unorganized Goats. Here he points out the improbability that the New Deal will be paid for through taxation on the basis of capacity to pay. The bill will ultimately be borne by the rank and file of the less wealthy taxpayers. This line of criticism is something which we can fairly ask Mr. Roosevelt to paste in his hat.

When one turns to Mr. Robey's unabashed toryism, one is likely to thank God not only for Roosevelt but even for Frank Kent. His volume is a thoroughgoing argument for essentially the policies followed by Mr. Hoover—deflation and budget-balancing to the bitter end. Such a book today is not unlike the spectacle of an officer of the ill-fated Morro Castle writing a testimonial for inflammable floor polish. Mr. Robey recommends a return to the methods pursued by American business and finance from the days of Harding to those of Hoover, apparently entirely oblivious of the fact that these are exactly the policies and the practices which brought us into our present sorry mess. But the volume deserves a wider reading, not only as a sort of economic believe-it-or-not book, but also as a forecast of what we should be likely to get if the Republican Party returned to power in 1936.

It seems neither premature nor unfair to risk the opinion that the New Deal as we know it today is doomed to failure because of the unwillingness of the President to take sufficiently drastic steps to insure the all-important mass purchasing power without which capitalism cannot go on. It is conceivable that Mr. Roosevelt may abandon the New Deal and move sharply to the right or to the left. It is more probable that he will go on patching things up, using the tremendous federal-relief machinery to insure his election in 1936. That the patching process can hold out until March 4, 1941, is extremely doubtful.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Real People

The Folks. By Ruth Suckow. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

MISS SUCKOW has written the saga of the American Middle West, a tale as real as a cornfield, as tangible and homely as the rich, deep black earth of Iowa. In years to come, when the childhood of the United States has been forgotten, historians of culture may turn to her pages as they may turn to Sinclair Lewis's for details of how men and women looked and talked and dressed and lived in their houses and spent their days from morning until evening, from birth until death. And today there will be many Americans in whom the story of her folks will arouse a nostalgia for their own childhood that will be painful as well as fresh and sweet. Moreover, her document includes not only the immediate Fergusons who were born on a farm and moved to town, who raised a family of children that in turn grew up and went away from home to their own concerns, but it embraces a changing world. There was once continuity and security and peace, and they have given place to frustration and the confusions of a new day.

Fred Ferguson, born of Scotch-American stock, grew up on one of the Iowa farms where the land was rich and the harvests plentiful. Deep in him lay Scotch thrift, a profound respect for order and serenity, a veneration for the traditions of his ancestors, and a deep love for the new world to which as pioneers they had come. His life was bounded by his family, his church, his business. He was a good son and husband and father, a neighbor to whom those in trouble turned for help, a kind, hard-working, inarticulate man who had no knowledge of or interest in the world beyond his immediate life. His older son he tried to mold to his own pattern and he could not understand why or wherein he failed. His daughters he did not even attempt to comprehend, although when one of them rebelled against the family dogmas he could be dumbly hurt. When his

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younger boy brought home a foreign, Communist wife, so remote from the people he had always known, he could only wonder, and keep silent, and dimly feel that perhaps Bunny and Charlotte were right, perhaps the world was full of unreason and injustice, perhaps the ways he had known and had lived by were the wrong ways. Yet they had always seemed, and would seem until he died, the only possible ones for him.

Annie, his wife, is no less true to the American pattern. And the rebellions and frustrations of the Ferguson children fall, too, in the mold of a generation for whom the old order is changing and the new is as inevitable as it is unsatisfying. For Grandpa Ferguson there were no doubts. To Carl, starting his young life after college—Grandpa Ferguson had never even thought of going to college—he could explain his creed: "Take to yourself a good wife, and don't drink nor smoke nor gamble your money at cards, and work hard at whatever your work is—then you'll get along, my boy. Those are the principles I've always stuck to. And uphold the Lord and His holy works."

It worked for Grandpa, and it didn't work for Carl or Margaret or Dorothy or Bunny. It didn't even work very well for Fred, their father, although he faithfully tried it. Something had gone wrong. Virtue, industry, and thrift, home, children, God, all seemed to lose their ancient meaning. Fred did not know, nor did his children, where the trouble lay. But they knew they were leaving the time-honored landmarks, one by one; and those landmarks that remained were likely to be lusterless and empty.

All this Miss Suckow comprises in some 700-odd pages of true-talk about her countrymen. At times she handles her material awkwardly; at times her detail is over-elaborate and vulgar. The numerous characters sometimes appear with disconcerting suddenness. But even when she is a little tiresome, she is still real. And reality, if it does not, by itself, make a first-rate work of art, makes a document that is memorable and warm with the breath of life.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

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in common—their appreciation of the vast forces and destinies which transcend the power and yet determine the fate of the individual. His individual, for all his insistence upon the organic relation of the individual to his historic culture, is essentially discrete and omnipotent. He calls upon him to be converted and to save civilization by his change of heart. "Cannot," he asks, "a planned and ordered society be built by the cooperation of free personalities, by free men taking counsel together?" That question betrays a rather naive individualistic view of the realities of politics. May it not be possible that the freest and most moral individual Mr. Lewisohn could conceive would still be under the compulsion of class interests (largely unconscious) to oppose the project of a planned society? Let him read Mr. Hoover's recent defense of liberty!

The same erroneous individualism and moralism expresses itself in the chapter entitled A Bourgeois Takes His Stand. Mr. Lewisohn does not like the Communist practice of casting the bourgeoisie in the role of the devil. He counters by drawing a touching picture of their angelic virtues. "The bourgeois desires security, dignity, privacy, liberation from sordid care for the sake of cultural disinterestedness. If he does not desire the last for himself he desires it, or at least in many cases creates it, for his children"; or again, "the bourgeois, the disinterested property-owning man of the ages, capable of disinterestedness because he owns property." Forgetting that the middle classes are historically not middle between poverty and wealth but between aristocracy and proletariat he declares that "by virtue of his middle station he [the middle-class man] has always been nearer the center of both nature and human nature. So, too, he has in practice if not in theory held to the right uses and the permanent meaning of property." He even allows himself a palpable falsification of history when he declares, speaking of German politics, that "when in a given election the Nazis lost, the Communists gained and vice versa; the numerical strength of the parties of the middle remained fairly constant." The real fact is that Communists gained at the expense of the Socialists as German desperation increased, while the fascists wiped out the parties of the middle, a fact which reveals what becomes of the disinterestedness of the man of property, of even a little property, in the hour of political crisis.

Mr. Lewisohn's picture of the man of property may fit a very few individuals. It does not fit the men for whom property is primarily a source of power, our financial and industrial oligarchs. (For some curious reason oligarchs cease to be bourgeois in Mr. Lewisohn's statement of his case.) It does not fit those for whom property is primarily a source of privilege and enjoyment and who have precious little interest in "cultural disinterestedness." It does not even fit the desperate lower middle classes, who try frantically to preserve their individual liberties and their property against the inexorable forces of a collectivist civilization (whether capitalist or Communist) and become the pitiful victims of the capitalists in their efforts to escape communism. Even if Mr. Lewisohn's picture of bourgeois man were a true one, as it may be in the case of a few middle-class professionals, it would still fail to do justice to political realities. The individual disinterestedness of high-minded men is no guaranty of the disinterestedness of their collective behavior, when group clashes with group in economic and social conflict.

Mr. Lewisohn's individualism and moralism betray him as much when he is interpreting religion as when he is refuting radicalism. "The universe exists," he says, "only as it exists in the human consciousness. Were man obliterated there would not only be chaos but there would be void." Yet he believes that "spiritual health can be gained only by the 'voluntary affirmation of the obligatory'—what our grandfathers called and often practiced with so much dignity and beauty as submission to the will of God." Here the thought of the modernist and the classicist are in obvious conflict. The obligatory can only be spoken of as the "will of God" if one can believe that life, and all its systems and opportunities, have meaning and purpose transcending our purposes and independent of our ability to comprehend the meaning. If man himself creates the universe in his imagination, it becomes a chaos the moment its stubborn facts and inexorable forces outrage and frustrate his individual needs and purposes.

Mr. Lewisohn is, in short, a modernist who is too wise to accept some of the credulities and absurdities of modernism but too individualistic and moralistic either to understand classical religion or to do justice to political radicalism.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Hark! from the Tombs

The Challenge to Liberty. By Herbert Hoover. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

THIS is not natural wind but the stale draught sucked along after the rushing subway train. The Roosevelt activity is the train; the Hoover sigh stirs through the vacuum.

Mr. Hoover is breaking his silence for the first time in the eighteen months since he turned over the Presidency. He had done better to hold his peace. The book is a sorry performance. It is worse than dull. It is numb. Its passages remind one of the despairing speech of the typical misused wife in the Irish plays, who in her monotonous plaint gives the impression that the stage manager hit her over the head with a mallet before she emerged from the wings. Mr. Hoover's lips are automatically forming syllables which are familiar to him, but which have little enough application to what has recently taken place.

The thesis of the book, repeated on every page, is that "American liberty" is being threatened by "national regimentation." By American liberty the author means economic individualism gently but cumulatively inhibited over a patient period by legislative regulation. By national regimentation he means the New Deal, which he thinks acts arbitrarily to turn men into puppets of the state and which is dangerously similar in its disastrous tendencies to socialism, communism, and fascism. Mr. Hoover objects to the disingenuous use of labels as epithets, and forthwith proceeds to stock up his own arsenal with these weapons. Oracular, he systematically begs the question. His appeals to factual confirmation are childishly wishful. He regiments facts, as he charges Roosevelt regiments citizens. Dr. Tugwell said of Hoover in 1932: "He is less and less able to face reality. He succumbs gradually to the dangerous prestige of the Presidency, the tendency to believe that what he says may be true because he says it." That Tugwell has since fallen victim to this very weakness only adds point to his remark.

Mr. Hoover identifies economic planning with national regimentation. He scorns planning because to be effective it must be coercive. His inability to suggest a substitute is grounded in his perverse refusal to believe that recurrent collapse is organic in the capitalistic economic system. He views the depression as the result mainly of the war, which in its aftermath produced a popular speculative madness and was disgraced by the abandoned behavior of a small number of business men. The war itself, in his mind, was not fundamentally ascribable to economic imperialism. Mostly our social derangements are "marginal," occasional, accidental. The way of escape lies in reliance upon dynamic individualism. Mr. Hoover's prescription is totally lacking in detail. The nearest approach to the particular is that we may correct abuses by "devotion to the Sermon on the Mount." He supports his optimism by a rehearsal of past performance, and is buoyed up by thoughts of a

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business leadership which to most of us seems conspicuously absent. For Mr. Hoover there has been no transformation in capitalism which has placed industrial and financial ownership and control in the hands of a powerful few. He carries over his heart a daguerreotype of a small business enterpriser, and is satisfied that this is a true representation of present-day American business. Attempts will be made at consolidation, to be sure, but this heresy must be put down by stern anti-trust acts.

The events of the twelve years since he wrote his "American Individualism" have apparently taught Mr. Hoover nothing. He sees no occasion for centrally inspired and controlled collective action, except in relief of suffering—which, by the way, would include such a bread line for business as his RFC. Government to him is a mere policing agency. He is reverting to his Democratic allegiance, and communes with the spirit of Jefferson much in the manner of Governor Ritchie of Maryland. The only collectivism tolerable to him is the voluntary cooperation of the chamber of commerce and the luncheon club. Anything more coercive than this stands in complete antithesis to individualism. That it becomes harder and harder for individual freedom to survive without resort to compulsory collaboration has never dawned upon him. The alacrity with which liberty-loving Americans sprang to the ranks of the New Deal army does not bother Mr. Hoover. Mother Liberty has always had to chide her naughty children.

This mournful sound is not without instruction for those who think the "Roosevelt revolution" is an unworkable compromise and ought to embrace frankly the socialization of the great means of production. We have far to go in social reorganization when the most discredited man in America can so mutter his ancient creed and get—as he will—a wide and approving hearing for it. It is impossible for one to drag oneself through this book without wanting to comment upon Mr. Hoover's ponderous method of literary composition. A sensitive person is deterred from this, however, by pity for the spiritual rigor which in the man lies. He is afflicted with a dry grief which finds release neither in tears nor laughter. He simply groans.

BROADUS MITCHELL

A Compelling Theme

Amaranth. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $2.

ROBINSON, as a poet, has never used elaborate or personal imagery. His imagery is the offspring of reflection or thought. It is symbolic of certain universal conceptions and emotions. The sea is the sea of life. The hill against the sunset is man's ascent to death. The house on the hill is the house in which greatness of spirit has lived. Empty, decaying streets and houses are the abodes of those dead in spirit. The tavern is the scene of momentary forgetfulness, of self-betrayal. Drink is always a means of escaping petty self. In no sense is Robinson a nature poet. He uses physical nature only as the image of certain psychological states. Nor is he a city poet. City images are scarce in his poetry, industrial images practically non-existent. Primarily he is intent on analyzing the meaning of life. And particularly he has investigated the psychology of failure. To failure he has given value; in almost all the early work of Robinson the man who fails is the man who has had a transcendental vision, some idea of himself which, though never realized, has separated him from the herd.

In the earlier dramatic monologues or narratives Robinson objectified his characters. We saw his protagonists in action, walking, talking, drinking. But of late he has been intent almost exclusively on problems of the human soul, and his medium has been undramatic interior monologue. Moreover, every char-

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acter has shown some aspect of the poet's own self-questioning—the problem of a man's conscience when he knew and wished to rationalize his guilt, the problem of hatred as opposed to love, the problem of man's spiritual preparation for death. And increasingly, as Robinson has turned away from contemplating life as action, his imagery has grown more vague, more fleeting; the rhythm of his lines has become the rhythm of questioning and cross-questioning within the limits of one personality.

In "Amaranth" Robinson deals with what seems for him a strange problem. The characters are people who have desired beyond themselves and are therefore lost. Each has heard the voice of Amaranth—inner truth, the flower that never fades—questioning him, making him doubt his capabilities. Those few who have looked into Amaranth's eyes—Time's judgment upon men's work—have either resigned themselves to their own smallness or killed themselves. Fargo is an artist who at thirty-five knows his shortcomings and gives up art for life, the real life of building pumps. At forty-five he looks at an old painting and the desire to be an artist revives. Thereupon Amaranth takes him into the town of the dead. He meets all the other failures, eternally deluding themselves. Evensong, the musician, has looked into Amaranth's eyes, knows he is a failure, but goes on composing small music. Pink, the poet, faces Amaranth and hangs himself. Fargo, however, neither lives in limbo nor commits suicide. He returns to actuality and the vision of inferno fades. In the end he breaks loose from his self-deceit and finds himself in a real world, in brilliant sunlight.

Robinson is examining here a delusion common to human beings, who, in order to believe themselves superior, retreat into a dream world. He implies what seems a partial contradiction of his old theme—that aspiration when it ends in failure has small glory in it. Nor does he state whether true genius knows definitely its own worth. Rather he hints that even the true artist, in life or in art, has his moments of doubt. Above all, "Amaranth" seems to prove that no man, least of all the artist, should leave reality. This is the most abstract in treatment of any of Robinson's narratives, the least dramatic, the least projected from the inner mind. But its theme is compelling.

EDA LOU WALTON

Ungenteel Irony

Calico Shoes. By James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH no single story in this collection is particularly impressive, the book as a whole carries weight. Mr. Farrell writes about people he knows, and whose background he knows, inside out; and to this initial merit of being saturated with his material he adds a second, of handling it with an honest sobriety that makes it stick in your memory and register on your mind. He is in no sense a finished or ingratiating story-teller; except for his sure ear for dialogue he commands none of the props which help narrative forward. But it is perhaps just as well that he doesn't, since he throws his undivided strength into something more important: ferreting out the truth. His delineation of Chicago's low Irish has nothing glib or facile about it, but is exact and expressive and stamped with reality.

Mr. Farrell, in treating people of one milieu, does not make the mistake of reducing them to a uniform characterization. They react to their common background in different ways, and their conflicts are as much against one another as against other kinds of people or life itself. For the most part they are ignorant, parochial, unimaginative; some are dislocated by poverty, almost all are cramped by small horizons. They are not innately hard people, but they lack understanding almost as often as they lack sensibility; and their lives, materialistic but not mercenary, touched but not changed by the church, colored but not deepened by sex, are usually crude and sometimes sordid. Products of a uniform culture, their personalities differ and their fates vary.

It is in making plain these people's culture that Mr. Farrell shows his knowledge of his material; but in following out their fates he sometimes rises to a more significant plane of writing and proves himself a brooding realist. Three stories in this book are much alike in pattern and effect, and by contrast with Farrell's merely photographic pieces they bring us up against the harsh insolubility of existence. In each of these three stories—The Scarecrow, Twenty-Five Bucks, and Well, That's That—a sordid, down-at-heel figure is thrust expiring upon society, a society very little superior, and is passed up or put out of the picture with vacant, uncomprehending cynicism. There is a very ungenteel irony in these tales in which two whores and a ham prize-fighter who lack dignity get pummeled by people who lack decency. If ever there were people who knew not what they did, they are in these pictures of a society that is sordid because it is ignorant and usually ignorant because it is poor. It is a society you don't want to see existing, and its cast-offs are too tragic to be merely pitied.

But it is a society you need to see existing, and Mr. Farrell puts it very plainly on view. Perhaps there is more of kindliness in it than he has shown, but if he has left something out, he has not disfigured the picture, he has only the more emphasized its salient traits. Here is a proletariat almost totally unaware of the claims being made for it by intellectuals and the aims being set for it by revolutionaries; but whatever your attitude toward those claims and aims, you want passionately to see these people brought out of their intellectual stupor and moral numbness into the light.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Gastronomy of Letters

ABC of Reading.. By Ezra Pound. Yale University Press. $2.

MR. POUND repeatedly assures us that all previous books on the appreciation of literature have been swindles, and he begins with a bow to science—a word which usually does the same work among the sophisticated that Old Glory performs among the naive. It is "scientific" to look at specimens of poetry like the man in the laboratory examining smears on a slide; and in the name of science Pound proposes to do just this. Yet having begun so promisingly, he slips into a subterfuge. He completely passes over the fact that if one looks at the smear on a slide without the assistance of a vast critical vocabulary, one will see mighty little. Pound seems to feel that the naked exposure to the specimens is in itself "scientific." He aggressively and repeatedly asserts that people who ask to be told the rules of good workmanship are trying to get something for nothing. The craft of literature in its important aspects cannot be taught, he says: you either see that something is good or you don't, and that's the end of it.

This position may have something to be said in its favor—but I do not understand how it could be called "scientific." Science is numerology. It is concerned with qualities, such as literary excellence, only in so far as qualities can be given quantitative equivalents. The scientist would like nothing better than to define an emotion or a color perception by measuring its corresponding manifestations in the blood and nerve texture. The nearest practicable approach to this ideal in the realm of aesthetic appreciation—at the present time at least—would seem to be a system of critical concepts or definitions. For a critic's definitions are a kind of incipient measurement, just as the act of measurement is applied definition. (When we measure

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something with a foot rule, for instance, we are pragmatically defining it with reference to a concept of the inch.) Our nearest possible approach to scientific numerology in the field of values, therefore, would seem to reside in the attempt to express in conceptual symbols (or abstract analogies) the effects which the poet attains by imaginative symbols.

To illustrate: The poet makes a joke. At this point Pound would remind you that you either see the joke or you don't. One can't "prove" to you that the thing is really a joke. But if you concede that it is a joke, one *can* offer you a conceptual translation of the joke, giving you an abstract mechanistic account of the psychic explosion it touches off and its ways of doing so. One can find a conceptual parallel to the non-conceptual event, just as psychoanalysis provides an abstract account of associative processes which the symbolists originally exemplified without any thought of such doctrines. It would seem that a truly "scientific" criticism would attempt to trace such emotional-conceptual correlations; yet Pound in the name of science makes a virtue of refusing to do this. The "science" he has in mind could hardly be of the typical Occidental sort, which may explain why he talks about Chinese ideograms, rather than Galileo or Bacon, in introducing his subject.

In another way Pound unconsciously tricks us. He continually reminds us that the ways of good writing cannot be learned from manuals which conceptually oversimplify the poet's procedures; and thereby he seems to forget that his book is by program a treatise not on writing but on reading. We may accept it that "you cannot hand out a receipt for making a Mozartian melody." But the fact remains that, even if you have no intention of making a Mozartian melody, you may receive from a melodic expert, apt at conceptual analysis, some revealing clues as to what a Mozartian melody is, and these clues can give you a sounder and sharper equipment for discerning kindred miracles in melody even totally non-Mozartian.

Pound is valuable for the stress he lays upon the *sound* of literature. He offers good suggestions as to why poetry should not venture far from song. But his position leads him to underestimate the role of ideas here, so that he cannot do full justice to such a man as Pope. Ideas likewise can have their tonalities; and one might show that even the simplest *carpe diem* lyric depends largely for its appeal upon an ideological background which is gently set a-tremble as one reads. One could not possibly construct a tragedy—which is a kind of crime, trial, and sentence in one—without containing in one's head an ideological structure much more complex than that of the Code Napoleon.

This book is a treatise on the gastronomy of letters. It tells you where to find exquisite cuisines. It is not much of a contribution to dietetics (the art-as-propaganda school is dietetic). It is written with a pleasant insolence, in Pound's usual haphazard manner. If one is oppressed by the rigors of the day, and minded to seek relief by reading of people that walk beneath palms, one may even like it for its medicinal contentment, though it is too fragmentary to satisfy as a Baedeker to masterpieces. The author writes like a man who feels that his investments are sound—be they of the Wall Street or Grub Street variety. The clearest echo of our present difficulties is to be noted in an occasional admission that writers may be the victims of bad economics, but the lesson so far seems to be that if they just got more money everything would be all right. The most disappointing feature of the book is its paucity of technical criticism. As an admirer of method, and a man whose attainments undeniably equip him to discern examples of good method, Pound should have prodded himself to say much more about ways and means, noted for their own sake. A gastronomer of poetry is hardly in the best tactical position to revile a gastronomy of criticism. Such an attitude would seem to fit better into the program of the propagandist, or dietetic, school.

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The Saddest Words

GEORGE KAUFMAN and Moss Hart have reputations to be envied. Both singly and as partners they have earned their positions very near the top of Broadway's list, and one or the other has usually had a hand in the best and brashest of the satiric farces which have brightened the stage during the last decade. Probably both have grown a little tired by now of praise which monotonously stresses their hard, impudent wit, and in their ambitious new piece, "Merrily We Roll Along" (Music Box Theater), they have set out to prove how well they know that the characteristic vulgarities of contemporary life are not necessarily funny. Mr. Kaufman, to be sure, has been half-serious before. The successful "Dinner at Eight," which he wrote with Edna Ferber, was intended to be taken as much in earnest as anything which does not rise above the level of melodrama can very well be. But the new play is more serious still. Its mood is part melancholy, part wistful, and part bitter. First it draws a scornful picture of cheap success and then, turning back, it dwells almost elegiacally upon what might have been. Obviously it is, more than most of what its authors have written, a confession of faith; it may even be, to some extent at least, a *peccavi* besides.

Ironically enough, the production may very likely be the first conspicuous success of the season, partly because its authors still remember—a little too well perhaps—what they learned in earlier days. Characteristic wisecracks pop out from time to time, but that is not particularly important. What is more so is the fact that they have told their rather complicated story of the playwright who compromised and the painter who didn't with all that mechanical skill which constitutes the chief virtue of the purely artificial play, but which draws uncomfortable attention to itself when the author has not merely something to "put over," but something to say. There are a good many moments when such a criticism is not valid; there are scenes—like that between the struggling writer and his wife's family or the very last one of all in the college chapel—when the feeling is not only as palpably sincere as it may possibly be throughout but (and this of course is the only important thing) successfully expressed. Unfortunately, however, there are even more in which characters who have had their moments of life revert to the status of marionettes jerked into dramatic action by a not too well-hidden hand. There is an enormous cast, there are many scenes, and there is much bustling about. There are also many diverting bits, like Cecilia Loftus's bravura interlude as the robustious mother of the new star. But the too lavish entertainment gets too often in the way of what is evidently the chief purpose of the authors.

The story is told backwards, beginning at a drunken party in a sumptuous Long Island home to which the spectacular successes of the moment have come, and ending in a college chapel where the central character is paying tribute in his valedictory address to those sincerities and those loyalties which we have already seen him surrender one by one. Surprisingly enough, this apparently mechanical trick works rather better and seems less obviously artificial than many of the other methods of the play. As we go back, certain scenes acquire a dramatic irony not unlike that which our knowledge of what is to come gives to the earlier scene of a familiar classic. But "Merrily We Roll Along" is, unfortunately, also mechanical in other and less obvious ways. Only occasionally does it seem not synthetic but real.

For all the care with which the parts have been assembled and fitted together into a smooth working whole, that whole

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Of *The Nation*, published weekly, Wednesday at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1934.

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of *The Nation*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Nation, Inc., 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.; Margaret De Silver, 98 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Katherine S. Dreier, 88 Central Park West, New York, N. Y.; Mary Knoblauch, 55th Steet and Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Agnes Brown Leach, 170 East 64th Street, New York, N. Y.; Maria C. Scattergood, 355 Bourse Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; R. L. Selene, 334 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.; Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.; Edward S. Waters, 52 William Street, New York, N. Y.; Maurice Wertheim, 57 William Street, New York, N. Y.; Estate of J. Wertheim, Central Union Trust Co., 80 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1934.

R. B. COUSINS

My commission expires March 30, 1935.

(Seal)

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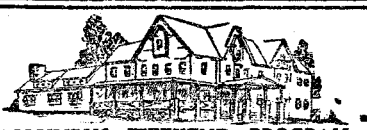

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is still plainly something which has been put together instead of something which has grown. It is ingenious and clever and ever so well oiled. It has twelve cylinders, floating power, and knee-action. It is even chromium plated. But it is not very alive.

Two seasons ago Arthur Hopkins produced a play of his own in which the plot was essentially the plot of "Hamlet," transferred to a contemporary setting. So far as could be discovered, I was the only person who admired it a great deal, but there is a suggestion of the same thing in "Divided by Three," now on exhibition at the Ethel Barrymore Theater. It is not too easy to believe that an upper-class youth of today would be as stunned as this hero is when he discovers the secret love of his mother, but the situation, once it has been accepted, has great power, and the authors, Margaret Leach and Beatrice Kaufman, have written with delicate strength. Add a really stunning performance by Judith Anderson as the mother, and the result is a rather impressive play in an unusual mood. Miss Anderson is one of the few contemporary actresses who really act, and hence one of the few who can actually contribute anything to a "straight" role which calls for more than polite behavior. It is merely her misfortune—and ours—that comparatively few modern plays offer opportunity to her particular talents. There is also a very sound performance by James Stewart, who is remembered chiefly as the Irish soldier in "Yellow Jack."

"Spring Song" (Morosco Theater) is an East Side drama aiming at a minute realism more or less in the manner of "Street Scene." Francine Larrimore plays the good-bad girl who gets into trouble, and despite the contrary opinion of critics whom I respect, I found her performance a bit raucous.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Contributors to This Issue

PAUL STUDENSKI is associate professor of economics at New York University.

HAROLD R. ISAACS, now engaged in newspaper work in Peking, was formerly editor of the *China Forum.*

ERIC THANE is the pseudonym of a St. Paul newspaperman.

ALMA LUTZ has been writing for newspapers and magazines for some years. In 1929 she published a biography of Emma Willard.

LIONEL ABEL describes himself as a poet with a recalcitrant muse. His work has appeared in *Pagany,* the *New World Monthly,* and other literary periodicals.

HORACE GREGORY will bring out a new book this fall, a narrative poem entitled "Phoenix in Broadcloth."

CARL VAN DOREN is the editor of "Modern American Prose."

H. L. MENCKEN, the former editor of the *American Mercury,* is at work on a revised edition of his well-known book, "The American Language."

LUDWIG LEWISOHN has recently published a new book, "The Permanent Horizon."

HARRY ELMER BARNES, author of numerous books on sociology and history, is a member of the editorial department of the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, professor of applied Christianity at the Union Theological Seminary, is the author of "Reflections on the End of an Era."

BROADUS MITCHELL, associate professor of political economy at Johns Hopkins University, is the author of "A Preface to Economics."

EDA LOU WALTON is the author of "Jane Matthew, and Other Poems."

LOUIS KRONENBERGER is preparing an anthology of light verse, which is to appear this fall.

KENNETH BURKE, author of "Counter-Statement" and "Towards a Better Life," is preparing a philosophical-psychological work on the subject of meaning.

The Nation's Literary Section

Forthcoming Reviews

H. L. Mencken will review "Experiment in Autobiography" by H. G. Wells.

Douglas Haskell will review "Rameses to Rockefeller" by Charles Harris Whitaker.

Arthur Livingston will review "The Naked Truth and Eleven Other Stories" by Luigi Pirandello.

Lewis Corey will review "Essays in Our Changing Order" by Thorstein Veblen.

Kenneth Burke's regular reviews of current music will begin next week

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